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Take It

George Matthew Adams

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Take It

TIME is busy as a faker with his little game of chance; busy as an undertaker at an Arizona dance. Time will never stop a second for the things you have to say; all his dates ahead are reckoned, he is always baling hay. Let us, then, quit loafing, creeping; let us work from sun to sun; so that when it's time for sleeping, we may say: "The chores are done!"—Walt Mason.

Take It

Suggestions as to Your Right to the World and the Great Things That Are In It

By George Matthew Adams
Author of "You Can"

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run—
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it.
—Rudyard Kipling.

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to

R. G.
F. C.
W. M.
E. F.
J. D.
B. B.
D. H.

Seven
Friends

A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world. Insulate and you destroy him. He cannot live without a World.—Emerson.

Well, Let's Do

THE world is here. Some of us get four years more of education than others, but that's not much. Some of us have rich parents and some poor. It's a question which is better. Some of us live in the country and some in the city, but the geography of our lives is of little vital importance. In fact, hardly anything alters the fact that the world is here.

George Matthew Adams knows this, so he says "Take It." There are no conditions, no equivocations to the title of this book.

Somehow I feel he is right after I turn anywhere into this book and read six or eight of these talks. I know I do after I have spent a half hour of my time with him, and that is often my privilege. I know the big business office he runs. Every one in that office has the spirit of a fighter and a conqueror—even "Mike" who wraps the packages. George Matthew Adams is a "taker" himself, and he multiples himself. He takes knocks, and bounces back up. He takes victories and looks ahead for some more of the enemy. He takes cities and passes on to the next one. (Salesmen will know what I mean.) He takes life with a square jaw and the buoyant, resilient heart of a boy. And, best of all, he takes dozens, hundreds, of people along with him into that world of enthusiasm that he creates anew every morning.

He should do himself into a book. It is right that he should. Now he can take thousands along, instead of hundreds.

Of course, sometimes, the world must be taken a little bit at a time. I believe Mr. Kipling suggests a second at

a time. We must fight inch by inch up to certain fortresses and then hammer one small blow at a time until the walls fall. But we can be as full of the spirit of "taking it" at any intermediate minute as we are at the last final minute of attainment—if we wish. And that, of course, is what this book is about. It is to make us get our eyes on a fort—the world—success—life—and take it inch by inch, moment by moment, in better heart.

George Matthew Adams in this book is a sort of football coach to the soul. He brushes aside excuses for defeat. He makes the opposing team look insignificant. He makes us feel as if we can win this game. I'm glad he wrote this book. Now, I'm going out and take a hilltop on "high."

Don Herold

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Take It

THIS big, round, fiery, sad, serious, happy-go-lucky world belongs to *you*. It exists that you may be given a chance. But you must not expect it to come and play court to you for its possession. It's YOURS—already. "Without money and without price." So——

Take it.

Take it that you may feast hourly upon its gifts of Love and Hope and Happiness and Power and Influence and Experience and Knowledge—that you may revel in its intricate mysteries, and re-discover its hidden treasures—and that it may hotten your blood till it tingles—till it spurs you into *doing*. The world!

Take it.

Don't let it roll away—and don't go to sleep in its shade. Or somebody else is sure to snatch your world and own it himself. Then there will be in this world *no* world for *you*. And in time this grey templed old world won't recall that you were ever around. So, I say to you again—right now—*this* world's for you!

Take it.

Then give it away. For if you do, at that moment, NEW worlds will immediately appear—all yours. New wonders. New life. New power. From everywhere, from everybody, from everything—worlds, worlds, worlds—nothing but worlds for you if you but strive to be a Realizer, to be Faithful—to Help. *Your* world is now ready for you.

Take it.

By Always Thinking

IT is said that somebody once asked Newton how he had made his marvelous discoveries in the physical realm, and his reply was: "By always thinking about them." Back of all habit is thought. And, too, thought may be made anybody's greatest and most useful habit.

By always thinking you shut out the useless and purposeless affairs that, blood-sucker-like, seek to take from you without giving anything helpful in return.

By always thinking, the unkind and cutting words that so often escape your lips, never are uttered. And by always thinking, the kind and cheerful thoughts you have already accumulated, grow richer in value while their power for hatching happiness goes on and on.

By always thinking, the mistake that you make to-day will not be the mistake you make to-morrow. And by always thinking you will most materially reduce the total number of mistakes you make.

By always thinking you need have little concern as to your life station. Your progress—no matter where you are—will be steady and permanent.

Little Devils

YOUR real enemies are your little Devils—those silent, unseen little fellows in the garbs of gloomy and sulky moods, fear, gossip, lying, mistrust, discouragement, cynicism—that hang to your heels and follow you, irritate you—madden you. These are they who block your success every minute you allow them around.

Your biggest task each day is to start by ridding yourself of your little Devils.

Take It

For each, in its turn, if but given an inch, will seek to take a mile. The little bad mood Devil that takes you into your day with a grouch over some trivial dispute or happening, or the shrug shoulder Devil that seeks to cast a slur upon a character, or the mistrust little Devil that impudently sits at conference when your independence and judgment are at stake—away with them. Their increasing powers sap and suck at your very life blood.

Your biggest task each day is to start by ridding yourself of your little Devils.

Do not allow your little Devils to deceive you. They wear false faces. They smile smoothly. Also, they speak softly—ofttimes. Ever be on guard. They are bound to follow you from place to place. But if you are big enough, if you are brave and calm enough—ever self-controlled—your little Devils might as well as not exist, as far as you are concerned—for you won't be able to see them, and they won't be able to see you.

Rain

MUCH of the most profound in life is expressed in the rain that we always seek to avoid but hardly to study.

What pictures of our moods in the rain drops! Now slowly, silently falling into a dark and gloomy day; then, in torrents, with fierce, cruel-like force beating its life toward the earth; and again at other times, gently dropping, colored and flickering from the soft rays of the Sun, all the beauty and glory of Nature joining in its frolic.

Rain—how human you are!

Take It

Every time you complain about the rain, stop long enough to realize what an uninteresting and discouraging old world this would be without the rain.

How fresh and clean and happy the whole Earth about us looks after its face has been washed by the rain. There can hardly be too much rain. But there can easily and plainly be too little.

Sometimes it even seems as though the rain was God's way of talking to people and to the birds and the flowers. For everybody and everything seems to smile and brighten after the rain has passed.

So, be glad when it rains. And let it pour, if it wants to. You can't help it and you can't change it. And besides, have you ever thought you could run the weather business better than the One—whoever He is—who has always run it?

Enforced Intimacies

THE things that we can't help and must bear and experience, call for no defense. So that every ounce of energy and every effort in fuss and fume over the existence of such things is just that much power taken away, burned up, and stolen from what we might put to big use. One of the great sources of annoyance to the little human beings of this earth is the enforced intimacies that we are all called upon at some time to face. So that we might just as well now as then, sooner or later—

Learn to bear the unwelcome gracefully.

How many a busy business man is called upon to bear the enforced intimacies of people he once knew but who never rose above the mediocre. And how many times

they bear down upon him with their little ideas and shattered ideals and unthinking minds—satisfied only in forcing their intimacies toward him to gnaw at his time and patience. How few among us there are big enough and strong enough to cope with such assassinators of effort and achievement. How few of us—

Learn to bear the unwelcome gracefully.

The greatest shrine of the human soul is the home, and into which there are constantly being thrust enforced intimacies that bite at the even tenure of home life. But even here the forces of the mind may be mustered to cope with the situation and every annoyance of the intimacy thrust under cover. To-day you may be forced to face the annoyance of enforced intimacy. If you are, face it gracefully and graciously and let your life mirror the sort of strength and control that always marks the big individual.

Good Losers

SOMETIMES those who fail—win. There is something big and fine and inspiring about a good loser.

No one ever wins all the time.

The three hundred brave men at the pass of Thermopylae who saw certain failure rushing fast upon them unto their death, never flinched, never faltered—but lost—finally to win on into the centuries and to inspire millions to big deeds and big sacrifices.

No one ever wins all the time.

But the fields of battle can never corner the heroic actions of the world. The everyday has her victories, her heroes and heroines—in the home, at the office—

everywhere. And here it is that we daily applaud the good losers as well as the winners. For—

No one ever wins all the time.

Baseball is one of the greatest sports of all times. Poor in something is the man or woman who does not appreciate this game. Daily, as fine a bunch of good losers as ever walked or breathed is revealed on the baseball diamond. One of the finest examples in all baseball of a good loser was the great pitcher, Christy Mathewson, of the New York Giants. He was one pitcher that every spectator always liked to see win. For when he lost—he was a good loser. He always took his medicine with a smile, thereby making character alongside baseball history.

No one ever wins all the time.

So, be a good loser always. Smile it out, and grit it out. Your chance will come again. Perhaps the very next time you will be a winner. You surely will be if you are a good loser now.

Relationship

A COMMON ownership runs the race. And there is nothing so comforting as to realize that what belongs to each of us quite as much belongs to everybody.

The house you think you own, your lands, your business, your books, your jewels—your all. In reality, these are only yours on loan. You can't take them with you when you quit this earth. Somebody will take them up where you left them, and after them, some one else, and so on. Even the applause given you to-day will be handed to some one else to-morrow.

Take It

Even you belong to some one else. Your efforts toward success and happiness cannot turn solely to you. No man loves isolation. It would finally break the hardest heart.

Relationship makes Folks possible. No one is so happy as when he is doing something to make some one else happy. If you doubt this statement put it to the test and learn for yourself. If you are greatly gifted, share those gifts and you will presently realize that your gifts have enlarged. For it is only by giving away that you are able to get.

The next time you feel like getting the best of the other fellow, bear in mind that that chap is related to you. That fact will make a difference worth considering.

Think this over, you, whoever you are. We all have *something* in common. Our Faces all look *something* alike. We laugh and weep and get stirred up over about the same things. There isn't very much difference between any of us, after all. So I think that if you can stand me, I can stand you, and be mighty glad that there IS a relationship, rich and fine, and healthy, between us.

Sense of Humor

IF you have a sense of humor, you have one of the greatest weapons against failure or morbidity that is possible to be given you.

What is a sense of humor? It's this—seeing the funny side to a thing when there is no funny side! The ordinary human being would grow irritated under such a situation. But the man with a sense of humor—never.

Take It

The man with a sense of humor softens the great problems of his life and clears the atmosphere about himself—and accomplishes wonders for the readers of history to marvel at. "Will this man never be serious," said Secretary Chase, after a visit to the White House for a conference with President Lincoln. "I go to speak with him of a great financial matter and he turns it all into a funny story!" But Lincoln is remembered and revered and Chase is forgotten, excepting that he was the great man's Secretary of the Treasury.

Cultivate deeply within you a genuine sense of humor. And if you can't feel that you have it, *play* that you have it.

Your Two Men

EACH of us is a make-up of some part of Eternity. Walking, working, breathing, eating, thinking—we strike off life notes, each tremendous in its bearing upon history and Eternity according to its origin.

And the origin of each life note is somewhere started by some impulse within one of your two men.

George Gray Barnard, the sculptor, has brought out the idea marvelously in his group—"I feel two natures struggling within me." One man stands above the other—each struggling for supremacy.

In like manner everything you do is a command from one of your two men.

You have a noble impulse. Your good man commands. Almost as instantly your evil man gives his command. What you do is the story of which one of your two men rules in you. Ever the conflict goes on. You are your two men.

But which of your two men, actually, does the world *know* you to BE? Which one is your true self?

Suggestions About Suggestion

WE usually do the things we think about doing if we think hard enough. The whole world is run by suggestion. The day draws its curtain back but the sky says rain. So, therefore, the foolish human says "a bad day" and proceeds to live "the bad day."

Gruffly and growlingly you stumble into a beautiful day. And when you meet the smilers and cheerers along the way, exit the gruff and the growl.

Every time you do a good thing or a bad thing its atmosphere influences somebody else to do the same thing. So tremendous is suggestion that it matters not whether you use the suggestion yourself or whether you hand the suggestion to somebody else, for suggestions are never idlers.

You can shape and rule your suggestions. They are forged as you think. Your brain is your suggestion shop. Healthy brain—healthy suggestion. Diseased brain—diseased suggestion.

If you want to be happy, BE happy. If you want to be successful, BE successful. Whatever you want to be and whatever you long to be, *live* and you will BE.

The Right Thing

THE way to do the right thing is to ignore the wrong thing. The right and wrong in people and things is there because we *see* them. Right and wrong have to have a viewpoint at the other end. You

can't do the right thing and the wrong thing at the same time. So—

Do the right thing—first.

For just as soon as you *begin* to do the right thing, the wrong thing walks off. It is inspiring to note the way a big, successful man's brain works. An important problem is placed before him. Immediately, without parley, his keen, trained mind goes to the heart of the thing. He decides to do the right thing—he doesn't even consider the wrong thing.

Do the right thing—first.

For if you do the right thing *first,* there will be no need to do the thing any other way. One of the truest reasons why we do not always do our *best* is that we are afraid we will do our *worst,* whereas the moment we decide that there shall be no *worst,* we do our *best.* Put it down in your book of action, to—

Do the right thing—first.

What's the Odds

WHEN Emerson advised people to hitch their wagon to a star, he undoubtedly meant for them to hook up to a certainty. For a star, being fixed and placed according to a marvelous law, must of necessity represent the striving of a man toward the main chance—and in which useless trivialities cannot count.

So, never mind if repulses come—what's the odds—so long as you clearly see—the goal?

Much of the daily inspiration of every forceful character comes about through the habitual smiling off of the myriad little irritations, annoyances and criticisms that

cloud the path of such a one. What's the odds? That's the medicine that works as life's grand antidote to you who whistlingly conquer as you go.

Don't slow up your wagon at the mud holes—it might stick!

Sure—you have detractors—"knockers." But what's the odds? The other fellow has just passed you. But, Oh, what's the odds—so long as you are not disheartened and still hopefully "plug on?" The runner who holds the lead at the three-quarter point does not always touch the finish tape first.

"I Am I"

THE whole world revolves about the performances of each man. Of all the numberless creations daily added to the history of life, the creation of each man alone forms the only absolutely NEW note to progress. So that out of the mind and consciousness of each man alone must burst the thoughts, ideas and wonderments from which the world may pride its onward stride. In fact—

You, alone, may say—"I Am I."

Your individuality or personality, separately is able to add to the total sum of grandeur on this earth. For it is NEW! You are cast from an original mould. None other will ever be cast from it again. What you are is above price. You are able to be your own great inspiration. Your solitary figure, grandly alone, is able in silent conference and consideration, to rise nobly, mustering meanwhile the strength-hidden forces that await to call you Master. For—

You, alone, may say—"I Am I."

Take It

Work is not a transitory affair. Ambition, effort, enthusiasm, suffering, disappointment, happiness—these are not fleeting, but specimens of fulfillment. You are these. Just as the ink gives realization to the thought behind the pen, so out of yourself comes yourself—the expression of what is deep WITHIN you. Whereas the daily accumulation of what you think, feel, act, becomes the ideal of what you are. Let this simple thought close in upon you and make you a worker to-day of which the oncoming race may well be proud, remembering the while, that—

You, alone, may say—"I Am I."

Age

IT is only as we recognize the minute upon minute, hour upon hour, day upon day, philosophy of Time that we are able to enter into the serious lesson that age has for us all. For age has no philosophy excepting the philosophy of accomplishment, as it matures. Even as you think, you age. And yet in aging you are able to realize the full meaning of every breath that you breathe and of every single effort you make.

In the Sunset is reviewed the glory of the day.

Age is experience—crystallized. Age is initiative—worked out. Age is the dream—come true. Age is the tree—full grown. Age is the business successful—a power in its area. What you are is the sum of your days in age—averaged.

In your success is reflected the product of every one of your hours.

Age is not the mere piling up of years, for many a man

is old at thirty, and many a man is young at eighty. For youth is as elastic as age, and age is as elastic as youth. Let the experience of age be a teacher to you. Let it admonish as well as encourage you.

Be Game

WHEREVER red blood flows, admiration starts at the picture of a game man—a being who sticks to his guns, loading and reloading in the face of the enemy, without flinching, and calmly taking his lot.

Be Game.

Adverse forces always present their strongest front in the beginning. Be game. Stand your ground. Outwit and outweigh the best of them.

Be Game.

But don't wait for emergencies to test you out. Be game to-day. There will be plenty of chances if you use the initiative, planted in your system, to search out for something in which to make your abilities count for the most. For there is a call for game men in ordinary, everyday affairs. And if you are game in the little things you will be game in the big things.

Be Game.

I Know

I KNOW that this day will never come again. Therefore I will make it the best day in which I have ever lived.

I know that happiness is a thing within and that it is always in the world and very near to me. I know I

have but to search for it, and that as soon as I begin to hunt it out, I have it. Also, I know that as soon as I get happiness and begin to give it away, it comes back doubled—and more, to me. I know this.

I know that work is a stimulus and that it keeps the world alive and moving. I know that the people who work with love in their hearts and interest in their brains are the real doers and benefactors of mankind. I know that I can be a doer and a benefactor.

I know that life is exactly what I make it. I know that other people and other forces can influence my life and work only as I allow it. I know that I am young if I live youth; I know that I am happy if I live happiness; I know that I am worth while if I attempt and accomplish worth while things.

I know that the greatest thing I can ever do is to do my best at all times, and under every circumstance.

——But

OF all the useless word barriers ever coined,—"But" takes precedence. Grammarians call it an adversative conjunction. It is all of this and more. When put to work and into life, it typifies obstruction and inaction.

Here's the way it works. I feel fine—But. Everything is all right—But. I would have accomplished a lot I set out to do—But. I'll do it—But. Like a wet blanket, like a slap in the face,—But seeks to dampen the very ardor of one's Soul and to squeeze out the last full drop of hope and endeavor inside one's heart.

Muster the forces of your character and dismiss—

"But" from your service. Just drop it—that's all. Here's the way it will work then. I feel fine. Everything is all right. I will accomplish a lot I set out to do. I'll DO it.

Failure is the father of "—But." Success and achievement never heard of the word. If you have ever heard of it—forget it—without delay.

C. O. D.

BY all odds the greatest rule in business is the C. O. D. rule—Cash On Delivery. Sounds perfectly sensible and just, doesn't it? Did you ever hear of a concern going bankrupt where it had something to offer the public of real merit with a demand for it and where this principle of C. O. D. was strictly adhered to?

C. O. D. means service rendered for which there is given immediate value in return.

C. O. D. suggests a philosophy of life. It is this. Forget rewards for service given; work not for the result, but be convinced that in well doing the result takes care of itself; when you hand over happiness to some one else the very act returns happiness to you. Conscientious service is always paid for, in some way or other. Be not deceived in this. It is as true as the law of Day and Night.

C. O. D. means success here and now, undeferred. As soon as you give—you get.

Enemies

YOU are known and judged quite as much by the kind of enemies you make as by the kind of friends you have.

Choose your enemies.

Many a man has been handicapped by having some one else choose his enemies for him. For enemies must needs come to every forceful character, sooner or later. And if you do the choosing of your enemies, you know the kind you have to deal with.

Choose your enemies.

Another strong point about choosing your own enemies, is that you can study them to better advantage than if some one else chose them for you and acted as coach to them. For many a man, by close application to the study of his enemies, can finally make them his friends!

Choose your enemies.

Enemies have the most to do with, and cluster most around those who are positive and definite as doers. To have big plans and important work to perform and to go ahead with it without fear or favor, is to create enemies from somewhere. But enemies never come around unless you become effective and monumental in your efforts. Then the enemies get busy.

Choose your enemies.

But not for a single moment allow the work of your enemies to deter you from your forward fight. Accept them as a matter of course, never allowing yourself to get to their level. For then they may swoop down upon you to bewilder and defeat you.

Choose your enemies.

And remember that by always remaining bigger than

your enemies, you pave a path over which they may finally walk as your friends.

Credo

I BELIEVE in the infallibility of success, the dignity of work and the inspiration of achievement.

I Believe that I have certain powers and abilities gifted to me alone. *I Believe* that I am directly responsible for their development and full fruition. *I Believe* that no one is able to turn me from my determined path excepting myself.

I Believe that fear is misunderstanding, that perfect knowledge and complete confidence in myself is sure to eliminate fear from my life.

I Believe in the acknowledgement of error—that it is manly to change my mind as often as I am convinced that by so doing I am made right with myself, with people and the world. *I Believe* in facing my mistakes and learning from them.

I Believe in the human-ness of friendship. *I Believe* in smiles, in cheer. *I Believe* in forgiving, in forgetting and in remembering—in forgiving personal injuries, unintentional blunders—in forgetting the unpleasant and unavoidable, and in remembering every good and noble thing.

I Believe in the immediate rewards of service and in the satisfaction that clothes and feeds worthy deeds. *I Believe* in the Eternity of Influence—that there is a certain Hereafter for everything that I do. *I Believe* in the Law of present Compensation.

I Believe in the glory of solitude where a man may

review and take invoice on what he has done. *I Believe* in thoroughness and in efficiency as mental stimulators. *I Believe* in honesty and squareness. *I Believe* that I am about as big as I do. *I Believe* in the common kinship of human beings and that what I have for you is immediately changeable for what you have for me. *I Believe* in the Democracy of Service.

Secret History

WOULD that the secret history of the world might be written—that history that has to do with the men and women who work and decently strive that not only both ends may meet, but that all ends may meet.

The great things in every town are done by those who hold within their breast no hope for reward excepting the glory that is sure to follow the consciousness of service worked out to the best of one's ability.

Visible history is inspiring, but secret history, if revealed as it is, would positively and divinely ennoble.

There must always be leaders, but no leaders would be needed if there were no followers.

The fact that the record of your deeds is not pasted upon billboards, and recorded in newspapers and books, should hold no envious thorn anywhere in your conscious flesh. The fact that you daily make life more livable and less arduous is something to be happy over. For it is a part of the secret history of the world that is being recorded, though maybe not to be published.

The mass of humanity is what counts.

The Believe Ins

THE salt of this earth is made up from those who believe in—YOU. Your life is strangely important, you are a figure worth considering, you are a grand human possibility, if scattered here and there, are those whose silent confidence and trust, will find you though the shadow of failure shut you totally away from yourself and the crowd. For it's the Believe Ins that are responsible for all fine successes.

So long as you have the Believe Ins, your immortal success is safe.

Genuineness is greater than genius. The most stupendous fortune is cheap beside a real Believe In. No matter where you go nor what you do, if your worth deserves it, your Believe Ins are sure to follow you and cast a spell of magic power about you, like unto "troops of beautiful tall Angels." You are secure. For—

So long as you have the Believe Ins, your immortal success is safe.

Who are the Believe Ins? Why! You know. They are the Mothers, the Wives, the Brothers, the Sisters, the Sweethearts, the Friends, the Employers, ofttimes the uncrowned Kings and Queens that reign everywhere —those who tell you you have won when you feel that you have failed, those who whisper cheer to you when you think all cheer is gone, those who smile into your very heart and stream it with Sunlight, after you have drawn every blind. The Believe Ins! They are the inspirers of your solid faith.

Also, my Believe Ins are the inspirers of this unpretending little talk.

I Would Rather

I WOULD rather—

Be a plain Friend, valued, trusted, honored and held at all times unquestioned in my motives—just loved and believed in—than to have all the wealth of the richest, or all the fame of the most famous. Wouldn't you?

I would rather—

Do my Work to-day, humble and plain though it be, so long as I do it honestly and courageously and efficiently, and enter a report at its close that represents the best of which I am capable, than to be given the handling of large affairs and feel at the end of my day that I had slighted here and there and that the importance of the job had taken from me my feeling of responsibility and torn away those little attentions that make the finished job right. Wouldn't you?

I would rather—

Have a Character that at all times would represent courageous service performed, and helpfulness put afloat wherever its influence might touch, than to have all the acclaim that might follow in the wake of mere reputation or hereditary honor, which might be shattered in a single day by some single stroke of fortune. Wouldn't you?

I would rather—

Be a Believer in the ultimate great reward for all service and in absolute goodness as a permeating force among men, than to be a doubter and a questioner and thus lose the hourly joy and happiness that never fails to enter the life and very soul of the man who has the courage to believe. Wouldn't you?

Waste-Basket It

THE useful things in this world are the working things. If your day isn't clear and clean—if details clutter it—concentrate for a brief period. One by one decide on the essentials and get them into their proper place. But just the minute you reach a useless detail that you can find no place for—waste-basket it.

Either do the thing that faces you—or waste-basket it.

Waste-baskets were invented to take care of the useless. Learn to look a duty or proposition or written problem squarely in the face and decide its relative value immediately. If it is worth while, care for it without fuss or fume; if it looks useless, do not tabulate or file it away—waste-basket it.

Either do the thing that faces you—or waste-basket it.

If you have a mind that is free from the consideration of "unfinished business," you have a mind powerful and quick working—a veritable fortress, back of which you may safely go and lodge, assured that there you will find ammunition sufficient to win the fiercest battle. So, mind this, that you—

Either do the thing that faces you—or waste-basket it.

Twilight

ONE of the most inspiring divisions of the day is twilight—just as the day is closing in and the labors of men are about over and when sleep and rest begin to beckon. Then it is that twilight appeals to the serious mind, to review the day, to sum it up and to take its average.

Take It

Review the work of your day at twilight.

By going over and summing up what you have gained and what you have lost you are able to see on which side your balance is—whether the day has been wholly lost or largely gained. It is only through the most constant and persistent reviewing of what we do that we learn to do better later on.

Twilight suggests solitude and solitude suggests that a man put his thoughts to work.

Talk to yourself at twilight and if you have important ideas to confide to others, confide them at twilight, after the worries and annoyances of the day are over, and when there is a chance for deliberation and calm judgment. Also, walk during the twilight. It will ease and cheer you.

Learn during the hours of twilight.

Love

LOVE is the greatest word in any language—because it means more than any other word. It is elemental. It is something felt, though impossible to define—something known though unseen. Love is always ajourneying.

Love is Cumulative.

The greatest argument ever presented for belief in God is the one written briefly that "God is love."

Love is Universal.

Love a man and he at once becomes your friend and would likely lay down his life for you; love a worthy cause and at once the cause becomes your life and you would sacrifice your fondest dreams in its favor; love

your work and the sordid in life disappears and is gone as the dew disappears under the heat of the early sun.

Love is Unselfish.

If there is love left, somewhere, then hope is there and no matter what the disaster, the vital germs of joy and success remain. If some one still loves you or you still love some one, hopelessness for you must die. For the light of love is the light of life, because—

Love is Life.

Love your friends, love your work, love your lot in life, love nature, love everything that is, for back of everything that is, is a divine purpose—itself reflecting love.

Love is All!

Fit In

ONE of the most common traits of the successful man is that of adjustability—the knack of knowing just how to fit in. If misfortune comes along—alright—he immediately fits in. If good fortune shows its nose and then comes to stay—alright—he quickly shakes hands—and fits in.

Fit in.

Fit in—right where you are.

Fit in.

And if you somehow can't fit in, the best possible move for you is to quickly get out from where you are and find some place where you can fit in. A misfit man or woman is a tragedy. A poor worker in a good place is exactly as bad as a good worker in a poor place. There is only one right condition and that is a good worker in a good place.

Take It

Fit in.

Many a human allows himself to think that he is a misfit when in reality if he would but carefully think the whole thing out, he would come to realize his folly and change his thinking and become a real fit—perhaps "just the man for the job."

Fit in.

If happenings appear to be against you, fit in anyway. If you happen to be thrown among those of a different race, or temperament or whatnot—make this a rule—fit in. For the time being, at least.

Fit in.

Suppose the weather does spoil your plans. Mind not —fit in.

Almost

ALMOST may be one of the saddest or one of the most encouraging words in the language—saddest if you almost win and then give up—but intensely encouraging if you almost fail and don't give up.

Almost a winner is good—but it doesn't win the race.

This world is full of people who became almost great. They fight their way on and up, but just at the moment they are about to come into their full and justified possessions they begin to lose heart and to slip back.

With you, let it be not almost—but wholly.

There are scores of people who almost fail—but don't. They are the people who make up the bone and sinew of this world—the people who are never whipped, never defeated, never wholly and completely discouraged.

Never quit a good proposition or a right cause because it is almost lost.

Spuzz

SPUZZ is a new-born word. It has never visited a single dictionary. But its spirit has long ruled and raised to real success the thrilling career of many an achiever. For spuzz is fire, force, courage, action—the confident atmosphere back of a winning Will.

A FINE thing is spuzz.

Spuzz, on friendly terms with the millions of little cells that busy your brain; spuzz, hardby, warming and cheering the heart; spuzz, duty gripped, hourly steadying the eye, controlling the tongue, and guiding the hands and the steps—if there's spuzz, and spuzz aplenty, in and around, through and through—then you can smile, Oh human worker, and have no fear. You are armed. You are fortified. You are safely secured. No enemy can conquer your spirit.

A WONDERFUL thing is spuzz.

The soul of Columbus was spuzz-wrapped. Savonarola, Luther, Gladstone, Hugo, Beecher—just write down the names of the striking enthusiasts of history and you will have made a list of those to whom spuzz was as the cartilage to your bones and the blood to the arteries that distribute life and strength into your system.

A NECESSARY thing is spuzz.

Whistle

THE fellow who knows how to whistle—and whistles—is a benefactor to mankind. Whistle. Just pucker up your lips—and whistle. Any tune will do. But whistle.

Whistle.

Whistle the poison out of your soul. Whistle the anger and bitterness from your heart. Whistle hope. Whistle cheer. Whistle ideals about you.

Whistle.

Did you ever hear an unhappy man whistle? Did you ever hear an angry man whistle? Did you ever hear a discouraged man whistle? None of these things mix with the genuine whistle. Whistle.

Whistle.

When you feel failure in your bones—whistle. At the moment you start to scold—whistle. Before you begin to burden any one with your troubles—whistle. Keep your whistle moist and ready.

Whistle.

Whistling is very contagious. As soon as your whistle starts, the other fellow's is apt to begin. Whistle. Whistle with your lips and whistle with your heart. Whistle out, and whistle up. But whistle, whistle, whistle. For whistling makes the difficult things easy, and the big things possible.

Whistle.

Crowds

WE get a better idea of a proposition in its entirety. We are sure to lose some of the best things about a man, for instance, if we center our attention upon his weaknesses. In regard to an important question, if we study only a few, plausible points on one side of it, our knowledge of that question is worse than entire ignorance. So it is with the lesson taught by the crowd. But studying it as a whole, you come to know the individual people who make it up.

In a crowd you are but one—and yet, such as you make the crowd.

The organized crowd teaches sympathy, enthusiasm, team-work—and it embodies power that is inspiring. If you want to feel your real importance, get into a great crowd. For, subdued and unknown, there is chance for play of the finest sentiments in your character.

But a crowd cannot make the big man smaller nor the small man bigger.

In its final analysis the crowd is always human, made up wholly of human beings. The strong man stalks big because he is big, and the crowd could not take away from his power if it would. The big man is big because of his knowledge of the crowd and the crowd's desires and the crowd's feeling; whereas the small, unimportant and uncaring man is immediately lost in the crowd.

In your daily endeavor, let the thought that you are of the crowd, making up life itself, lead you into service for the crowd.

Little Fellows

EVEN the biggest of men is after all but a little fellow. And great as is this wonderful Earth, it is but a small one among millions of other worlds. Placed against the greatest, we are all but little fellows.

But this fact should all the more impress you with the importance of being somebody, somewhere—in something.

For the more you think of your littleness, the surer you are to be little. But the more you realize that the vast greatness of this world is but an agency to make you great, then will you surely become great.

Neither your self pity nor your self conceit is able to do any good thing for you.

Daily, great heights you must climb, though realizing it not, except in consciously increasing power, and sure and steady footing. Working as a little fellow, the world sees you as a stalking figure, and the bigness of the big things of the world breathes back of what it is—for you.

So, forget that you are a little fellow. BE Big!

Hate is Waste

IF love is the greatest good thing in the world, then hate is the greatest evil thing in the world. For hate is the opposite of love. Love warms, hate freezes. Love attracts, hate repels. Love is life, hate is death.

Hate is the worst waste that can possibly enter a human soul.

Love fills, nourishes and prospers both the lover and

the loved. But hate tears and wastes everything that it touches in the life of the hater and the hated. Hate is poverty—impoverished. When you think about hating any one, pause long enough to feel its poisonous sting creep through your own being and the chances are then that you will chase it from your life.

Hate always hurts the hater most—for in many cases the hated is big enough not to let the hate in.

Don't let hate get to you to-day. And if you have sent it out at any day to any one, go and find where it went and take it back and *bury* it.

Your Under-Dogs

OUR sympathies naturally travel the line of likes—that is, the things we feel in ourselves, we feel in others. We applaud the under-dog, because we so often have BEEN the under-dog. We like to lift the other fellow up when he is down, because we also have been down. Sympathy starts at home—or else it isn't sympathy.

Your periodic moods of failure and disappointment are your under-dogs.

So, instead of walking past these under-dogs of yours and casting no sympathy their way, pause to give them your heart and your hope, and soon the picture and fact will be your over-dogs—your victories and your genuine achievements.

No under-dogs can possibly appeal in importance to the under-dogs of your daily experiences.

Perhaps you will applaud *alone* the under-dogs of your personal glooms and shadows, but what of it? As

Take It

Lowell says: "daily, with souls that cringe and plot, we Sinais climb and know it not." What difference, what odds, so long as over your "manhood bend the skies?" And inside your heart great world-ideas stir!

Courageously cheer the under-dogs of your experiences and stay proudly by them until their fight becomes a factor of your Kingship.

Aching Bones

UNTO the tired is immense comfort. Rewards, wealth, fame, applause, migrate the way of the human whose bones know how to ache. Bone ache is something to be proud of. For it means effort put forth, thought physically performed. The bones of idlers never ache, except through disuse.

The whole world vibrates from the aching bones of its workers. There's the mother after the day at her tub and in her home, soothing the aches with a lap of boy or girl, the soil tiller after his long day in the field, the shop man, the errand boy—oh, there is no end to the army of aching bones. They are the salt and sinew of the earth.

But one of the greatest rewards that follow in the wake of aching bones is not alone the feeling that work has been well wrought, but that then there is time to think and meditate.

For the human brain has no hours. Its doors are ever open. Its hearth is ever warm. Just as soon as its servants in the body grow tired, it wakes up for romp or rigorous task. What a story could be written of the achievements, the solved problems, the battles fought and

won, while the aching bones almost forgot that they were bones!

Be glad that you have real bones to ache. Be glad that real flesh and blood hold them firm and that if you want to be a genuine man, you can't hope to have anything else as a result of service.

Your Pencil

I HAVE traveled pretty much about the towns and cities and country places of this old earth and I have sought in vain for a statue to the fellow who invented the pencil. His face and form should be preserved in deathless bronze or marble in every cross-roads place and in every spot where folks come and go.

We live and grow through a process of exchange.

Nobody says anything absolutely new. We just change things around, add to, or combine and the world gets our viewpoint and our little lesson as a sort of contribution to what it already has.

And the pencil is the little fellow that trots along with us and acts as our secretary and recorder of what others thought and what we think. Are you taking advantage of your pencil? Do you carry your pencil with you as you do your pocket knife or your handful of coins? If you don't, why don't you?

There is only one way to read a book and that it with your pencil. There is only one way to hear a great mind talk and that is with your pencil. There is only one way to see the whole world and that is with your pencil.

A little paper—and your pencil. Take them with you everywhere. You are getting but a fraction of what

may be yours if you allow your mind to wander and roll in its bed outside the hours that it is actively and definitely engaged during business or even pleasure.

Pencil! let's be friends.

Fear-Thought

WE all, sooner or later, learn that the only serious fear is self-fear. This world is a very open sort of an affair. Harm and disaster is most accidental—and of accidents we all most cheerfully await our turn, taking them without fear.

It's the pesky little things that never could happen, that would do little or no harm if they did happen, that make us gray haired and nerve rattled.

Fear is foreign. It has no place in the healthy mind. So that the mind that entertains fear gives to a vicious robber.

The measure of your happiness and your success will always be in proportion to your ability to laugh at and defeat, stingingly, this arch sneak-thief—fear.

Fear hands out worry, jealousy, suspicion, indifference —hatred. And fear knocks in the head every fine, delicate, big-minded affair.

Once let fear dominate your thought and you might as well surrender and hunt up a new house to live in.

A Day

NO man can have a greater asset than an ordinary day. If you don't think so, just stop and write down the scores of things that can be accomplished in a day. Or read history and learn what single

days put there in deeds that thousands of years cannot efface.

You are not very much greater than any one of your separate days. For what you are is but the sum of your days.

Since helpfulness to other people is about the biggest sort of service that any one can render, if you will but make it a practice of your life not to let a day go by that does not make somebody else your happy debtor, you will begin to realize the joy that a day is able to bring forth.

People delight in the unexpected done for them.

That letter of encouragement, that human being slap on the back that meant sincere sympathy and stand-by-edness, that cheer to a stranger, those flowers to the living, that whistle that a score or so heard and "knew," that solid, undismayed bearing in a tight place—these are the things that every day may be experienced in you.

A day lost is something precious lost forever.

Prize your days. And don't be so small as to let a little rain in the air, or some little happening spoil or mar what you can make out of a day. Be glad that you have it and that it is as golden for great results for you as for any man that breathes with you.

Your Opposites

FROM the hum-drum, the see-saw and the prattle-prattle, kind God, may we daily be delivered. And we most ardently pray from our heart of hearts that we may not meet them, excepting as we are forced to.

Take It

Every healthy thing in Nature and in Man tends upward. It is the wish and law of life.

That man is ill who has no desire to grow or to be something bigger. And to grow bigger we seek thoughts greater than our own and people with ways and achievements beyond what we have to our credit. It is among our opposites that we may always find stimulation and catch again what once spurred us on.

The great fascinate us. Because we see in what they have done something of what we are, but have as yet not finished—or perhaps even started.

Throughout a lifetime we pick our heroes and bend our thoughts to meet theirs. From the crudest pick swinger to his elevated master, the president of the road, there lies a series of progression that is duplicated in thousands of activities. But we select from the series those souls which most nearly strike an opposite to what we possess, that we may study and emulate and feed upon what we lack.

Your best and most helpful friends are sure to be found among your opposites. You may never know them as they really are, but so long as you look for their best, they in turn are sure to reveal their best to you, without ostentation and free of all dross.

Who's Who

THERE is one thing that you possess, O, human being—you who read this little talk—with which the arbitrary selection ability of Blue books, and close corporationed Club committees has nothing in common. It is your personal power of character secrecy.

Take It

Most of the people we think we know, we don't.

So that our judgment runs criss-cross. And often our unknown little people are in reality the world's big people and our known big people are the world's little people.

It is the big, silent element, which, when fully realized inside a man's soul, gives dignity and calm and makes him fit and clean and great—courageous in the face of danger, calumny and duty.

Who's Who? Why! You are.

Sometime the Watcher of the World is going to compile a new kind of a Who's Who book.

And the name of the man who cuts your shirts as well as the name of the woman who washes them, may be there. And there will be a glory thrill for the patient and plodding, the shut-ins and uncomplainers, as they see their names in simple Gothic bold.

Who's Who? YOU! Most certainly YOU, who in the consciousness and realization of your secret power live and express the best that is in you—openly and unafraid—and glad of the chance.

On Borrowing

EVERY normal human being is started off on his journey fully equipped, just the same as a machine is sold in complete equipment. It is right at the start.

Your total value lies in what you have.

Of course, if you fail to appreciate the fact and neglect to develop every last possibility within you, you have no one to blame but yourself. If you seek to borrow

what you lack or ought to earn you will but weaken your entire working forces.

The only things you can own and control are the things that belong to you.

There is always a freedom attached to the use of things that you own. Belonging to you, you are able to do with them whatsoever you please.

Instead of borrowing, accumulate—then give away.

It is well also to remember that the obligation of repaying remains constantly with you. And if you have developed and increased in value what you have borrowed, bear in mind that both principal and interest must be repaid, leaving you poorer than at the start.

Hope and Courage

YOU will get the thing you hope for, provided you have the courage to back up your hope. Most everybody has the ability to hope. But it's hope *and* courage that brings things to pass.

Most of us are all the time hoping—for something. Hope is like a powerful engine. It looks fine as it stands on its track ready for action. But if the steam isn't turned on, the engine's beauty counts for nothing. Courage is the steam of hope.

The brave man hopes on and believes because his courage trots along with his hope.

Hope is the automobile, courage is the gas banging away in the cylinders. Hope promises, courage delivers. Hope is the man, courage is "the goods" that the man delivers. Hope *and* courage is the man delivering the goods.

If you can hope, that's fine. But lead out your courage and demand that it keep pace with your hope.

Millions of human beings have been lost to history because they were nothing but hopers. But those whom we can never forget and whose names and records will continue to add lustre and glory to the ages to come are the men and women who locked their hope to their courage and did things.

Hope on—but with courage.

You've Got to Step

RAIN and trains wait for no man. So, if you want to keep dry and if you want to travel on time—

You've got to step.

Suppose you do stub your toe now and then. Make up the time lost by picking yourself up quickly. Then get a quick catch of vision on your objective point. For if you get there—

You've got to step.

Is the fellow behind you crowding up and are you getting nervous because you feel he will get your place? Well, he will if you don't keep alert, plug and peg away, remembering—

You've got to step.

Progress moves ahead—it never lags to the rear. You never hear of the loafers and the hesitators holding the reins and driving the band wagon. So, if you want to be among those leading the procession and commanding the crowd—

You've got to step.

Bubbles

THERE is a wonderful lesson in the simple experience of the child who blows soap bubbles. Each of us is but a grown up child. Instead of playing with dolls, we choose human tasks, when we are grown, to play with. And instead of actual soap bubbles, we seek out jobs and problems, many of which resolve themselves into nothing more nor less than soap bubbles.

The man that takes hold on tasks without any set plan back of them or without any purpose for doing them is blowing soap bubbles—which are sure to pop with nothing accomplished.

To realize how true this is, look about you. See the thousands who are really potentially able men and women in middle life, who are doing the work of beginners—blowing bubbles—bubble after bubble.

Here and there you see fellows with energy and enthusiasm, that start off like a whirlwind, but after a while settle back with nothing accomplished. Everything has gone up in bubbles!

Remember that it is Children who blow bubbles, but it is Men and Women who do the work of the world.

On Following

IT is sometimes a greater test of supreme character to follow than to lead.

The story is told of an officer in the army of the Duke of Wellington who bitterly complained at taking a command which he considered beneath his merit. Turn-

ing to him, the Iron Duke exclaimed: "In the course of my military career, I have gone from the command of a brigade to that of my regiment, and from the command of an army to that of a brigade or division, as I was ordered, and without any feeling of mortification."

Not to follow, promptly and gladly, when ordered to do so, whether by your superior or inferior in merit—or by your individual conscience—is for you to shrink in dignity and honor.

For how are you to invite and enforce discipline and service if you refuse to accept it yourself? Sooner or later we come to feel that self-love, after all, is but a species of self-robbery—that the moment we fail to fit into the places that the moment asks us to fit into—we ingloriously dedicate our abilities and powers to some one else who is ready and willing to follow—without whimpering or whining.

The greatest leader that ever lived was but a great follower. Leadership is but putting into practice what a man has felt as a follower.

Gigmen

"I always considered him a respectable man. What do you mean by respectable? He kept a Gig."—Thurtell's Trial.

AS this old world jogs along, it may well strut and smile—for it is truly progressing. The test of respectability no longer is measured by the rule of the gigmen. The world isn't half as interested in what you have as in what you are.

Have you a gig, a motor car, estates, bonds, stocks—

what not? Well, no matter. They can neither add nor detract from your respectability.

You can't see respectability—you have to FEEL it. Just the same as you have to feel truth and joy and heroism. But respectability in other people does not make respectability in you. No, not even though you walk on the same side of the street with it.

Let no gig fancy get you. Let the gigmen take their way. Know that respectability travels fast and far and at the last "sticketh closer than a brother."

Stiff Starched

WHAT an incongruity of interests there are among people. We look at and examine each other as though each, excepting ourself, made up some strange race entirely alien to us. We forget that as a matter of fact, with such an attitude toward people, we ourselves are veritable stiff-starched humans with our blood flowing edgewise.

The whole world grows akin when you see every other man and woman as contributing something to you.

How quickly we unbend to those whose good fortune, or circumstances or blood or condition may perchance creep into our area of activity and contribute something to us unawares. How many money friends, circumstance friends, blood friends, and such like there are, any one of whom if called to service at a time when these things would count, would immediately, as though encased in stiff-starched wrappings, present themselves as inhumans.

O man, O woman, whoever you are and wherever you

are, whatever you do, see that you art not stiff-starched. Keep your soul cordial and let people warm their hearts in it.

Rags and Bran

WHAT a lot of people prefer working over and over again what somebody else has already worked to death. How many there are who would rather take a lot of rags and make a rag rug than to begin at the source of things and make wonderful things of the cloth which serves great usefulness before its time for rags comes. And how many would rather wait for the bran than to raise the wheat?

There isn't a great business nor a great city that doesn't contain its rags and bran people—who consume without creating.

A certain type of people seem to rejoice in saying how limited the opportunities of this time are, while as a matter of fact, with every invention and every new created method, there is opened up a veritable world of new opportunities if only people would see them. Don't let any one convince you that one ounce of your power is lessened through the coming on of changes wrought through circumstances.

There must be rags and there must be bran, but you be among the ones who go to the source of things for your work.

Bridges

BRIDGES were built to be used when needed. But no on can possibly cross a bridge until he reaches it. Take the material sense of this and it is simple and plain. But take the matter as a moral principle of conduct, and consider what a large proportion of us insist on crossing our bridges, sometimes years before we reach them. Then when we do reach them, often the bridge is not there to cross.

Make it your rule never to cross a bridge until you know there is a bridge to cross.

And when you know that the bridge is there, forget about it until you reach it. You will be surprised how easy it is to walk over your bridge. Suppose there is a debt bridge, a misunderstanding bridge, a disappointment bridge—they were made to be crossed, and you can cross them, if you will but give your attention now to your journey to them. After you get on the other side of each you will wonder why it was you worried a second about the task of crossing them.

After all, the bridge is but an incident in the complete journey. In fact, you might just as well burn your bridges as soon as you have crossed them, for you will never need to cross the same one twice.

Talk it Over

WHEN doctors disagree, they talk it over. The more closely civilization gets to a body of people, the more they become enthusiasts over co-operation—or, they start talking it over.

Take It

If things get to "running off the track" with you, get all the disturbing elements together. Then talk it over.

To first talk it over is like "counting ten" before geting mad. Meditation kills anger—cools passion. It's a pretty good plan to remember to talk it over, before grabbing things by the nape of the neck, and disturbing everything in general and oneself in particular.

Inasmuch as there is quite a considerable of every one in each of us, the best person on earth to talk it over with should be your own self.

New *viewpoints* come about through contact with other viewpoints. And when you realize how important your viewpoint is, you will understand, in turn, what a bearing upon big results, the simple method of talking it over has.

Talk it over. Every time you fail to do so, you add weight to that which you must carry. And in this connection, remember that he who carries the lightest equipment travels farthest.

Meddlers

A BIG percentage of the world's efficiency is singed and see-sawed through the ruffianism of purposeless meddlers. Such meddlers are always pests. Their idea, in the first place, is merely to secure a certain sort of sensation or notoriety through seeking to turn good people or enterprises upside down or inside out. They are the fellows who rock the boat.

There is only one kind of meddling that is laudable. That is where the meddling is done in order to throw out the bad and replace it with the good.

When you meddle with affairs that are no concern of

yours, that sort of meddling ruffles you all up and also the one into whose business you meddle.

When you meddle, meddle constructively.

Wherever there is wrong to right, you should meddle, and wherever conditions may be improved, you should meddle.

Old John Brown and Garrison and Phillips were rabid meddlers, but they meddled until they had a whole nation for an audience, whose conscience became so aroused that human slavery had to go, even though it took a cruel war to do it.

Fiddling

FIDDLING is good for the soul—sometimes. If you fiddle away when there is important work to be done or while some one else is doing what you should do, that is not the time to fiddle. But if you have done the best you know how, and yet everybody seems to find fault with you, get your fiddle and fiddle away. It will cheer your heart, stimulate your brain and rest your body.

But when at work, forget fiddling. Always leave the fiddle at home. In imagination, even, let not your mind go back to its fiddle.

What kind of a fiddle? There are many kinds. Not literally the one with strings. Maybe a good book, or an hour or so at a wholesome sport, or a journey among the trees and flowers and birds in the country. Best of all—a good "hobby." It's the spirit of fiddling at the right time. Old Nero fiddled away as his Rome burned. But at that, he was fairly level-headed. For could he have

done anything else as effective as fiddling away at his fiddle? He wasn't the Fire and Hose Company.

Own a fiddle of some sort. And learn to fiddle. Your nerves will thank you and your friends will thank you. But fiddle in fiddling hours.

Early Birds

TOO much emphasis is placed upon the importance of the early bird and not enough upon the open eyes—the initiative—of the early bird. Of what value is the early bird, if when he arrives, he can't see the worm?

Energy is high in value, but back of all energy must come common sense and the initiative to act. Napoleon was the terror that he was to all the nations of Europe for a decade, not alone because he was usually the early bird to an engagement, but because he no sooner arrived at a point than he began battle.

In every walk of life, there are early birds—but they don't all see the worm. It's the early bird—AND the active bird that picks up the rewards.

Man, woman—take home and to heart the old and new lesson of the early bird—but go farther and add to the early arrival at the centre of work and service, the best that is in you of alertness, courage and grit.

Cut Grass

WHAT odds though the rain is falling and the day is all misted up—

Cut grass!

Suppose you do have troubles, and everything, mirrored from your mind, looks pale and lifeless—

Cut grass!

The rain to-day puts smiles and fragrance to the flowers to-morrow—

Cut grass!

Life's busy little play is brief yet definite—and every man must act or get off the stage, so—

Cut grass!

Never mind how the other fellow works or what his ideas or plans or duties are, *you*—

Cut grass!

Throughout each minute, hour and day—cut grass. And don't spend too much time fixing the grass cutting machine. Oil it up, keep the knives sharp, then get back of it and PUSH. That's success.

Cut grass!

Meditate

THE time and place to meditate is at any time and in any place. Meditation is an attribute of strength and greatness. To him who knows how to meditate there is constantly being stored in his mind a fine wealth of power.

Improve through meditation.

Meditation develops the great faculties of the mind—stimulates and arouses the imagination. Meditation

places in clear view before your eyes the best that is in you so that you may easily study out and evolve improvement. A noted painter, on being reprimanded for his careless habits in not completing a great picture for which he had a contract, replied: "I am continually painting it within myself."

Improve through meditation.

You grow from within—out. And as you meditate, your ideas multiply, your fallacies creep away, and the best of your thoughts are moulded into sound judgment and strong opinion. Most of the notable achievements in history started in quiet meditation at the close of a day, after some disappointment, or during the odd moments of busy tasks.

Improve through meditation.

Take advantage of the daily chances for meditation. They may prove to be the vital and supreme moments of your life as they have many times proved for many a notable career. But meditate not on useless thoughts and trifles. Put your life plans frequently before yourself. Meditate upon them. Study their defects. Meditate upon how to correct them. Search for ideas. Meditate before deciding. Meditate to grow.

Settle It

DEAL in definites. Know the time and place of things. And build upon them. Do not allow indefinites and misunderstandings and misjudgments to crumble away your efficiency, put streaks of darkness into your happiness and stick crutches underneath your arms. Deal in definites.

Settle it.

Take It

How many of us remember the story in one of our first school readers of the Old Gray Rat whose decision could not be brought into play as he meditated all alone in that old tumble down barn, not knowing whether he ought to leave or stay. Every other rat had left, fearing calamity, but this Old Gray Rat stayed and stayed until finally the building collapsed, crushing and burying him in its ruins.

Settle it.

If your mind is unsettled, if your positives and negatives are brought together in deteriorating conflict, there is nothing under the sun that can make you valuable to yourself and to other people, excepting to settle, once for all, in one way or other, the trouble that causes the friction. You can't work positively when something negative is gnawing at your vitals. Resolve to—

Settle it.

The Many

IF we could but always think and act in terms of the Many. For is not every individual a unit of the whole in existence? Can you do even the minutest thing without its coming back at some time or other to the great thought of existence of the whole?

Not only does a man not live to himself alone—but no man *can* live to himself alone.

All you have to do is to stop and think for a moment to realize that there is nothing of what you think or of what you are that the Many do not come into to share. So it is personal responsibility that follows us and which we should walk arm in arm with at all times.

But you say that the Many doesn't "care for you?" It

can't help it—for *you* are *one* of the Many. And the Many look to you quite as much as you look to the Many.

O, multitude—the Many; O, individual—the One! You are of the make-up of this world as of the air you breathe.

Loneliness cannot come if you live the normal, natural life. Unhappiness will stay afar off if you *will* but remember that you and the Many are *One*.

It Might Be Better

WITH all the optimism that is spread over and into the very life of this world, there seems to be a considerable amount of pessimism that people like to dip into and make use of.

We say: "Oh, well, it might be worse!" But optimism and sound sense say: "Yes, but it might be better!"

Instead of starting to build from the rear end of things, why not try to begin at the head of things? Why not always believe that you might have done your work better than you did do it? Can't you see growth in this plan?

The rocks in your way will look like boulders just so long as you imagine that they *are* boulders.

Physiologists know the value of high thinking in its effect upon the great nervous system and all that goes with its intricate connections. "As a man thinketh, so is he," is literally true. Every time you build in your own consciousness increased confidence, you realize in all outward circumstance increased power that belongs in full to you.

Take It

Whatever you do—at its close—convince yourself that it might be *better.*

Some Don'ts

DON'T be afraid of yourself, for if you are, everybody else will be afraid of you. Grant's soldiers loyally followed him because he wasn't afraid of his own leadership.

Trust yourself.

Don't think that because everybody else has failed in a project, that you will. The late George Westinghouse was called a fool by Commodore Vanderbilt. But his air-brake won and he died one of the wonderful men of his time.

Kick out discouragement.

Don't allow friends or influence or circumstances to color your courage and your aims. Walk right out of ease and away from the applause of the crowd, if necessary. Be firmly independent.

Stand alone!

Don't let yesterday's blunders or failures darken today's sunlit opportunities. Start your life anew with the starting of every hour.

Be an initiator.

Credit

ONE of the big reasons for happiness on this earth is that every good and wonderful thing is extended to us freely—on credit. The truly great trust posterity. We all feed upon the pain, privation and success of the world.

Take It

We can never hope to repay to the sources of supply, our gifts of joy.

We have what we have—through noble credit. So that credit has made debtors out of us all. Credit is trust, confidence—love, unalloyed. We are not expected to pay in full for what was in the first place freely and gladly given to us. But we must pay—in part.

Your share—to pay—is in proportion to the credit that you take.

Your turn to serve is always—at every present moment. So that your satisfaction may ever be coming toward you instead of running fast from you. The merchant bothers not, with worry and lawyers, the man whose debt he holds, so long as that man willingly works to pay.

In like manner will the Merchant of All Time trust and continue credit to you who earnestly seek to pay as you can.

The Brothers of the Smile

YOU who smile are worth more than all the doctors, and pills and concoctions ever invented for the ills of mankind.

You who smile hold within your hand the solution of the greatest problems of the universe.

You who smile are sure to catch the light and intermingle with the rays of the very Sun itself as though you were but a continuation of the joy and glory that it radiates throughout the earth.

You who smile make up success, for sucess is cheerfulness put to good account. For you to smile is to forget your own troubles and misfortunes and to immedi-

ately compel everybody to adopt your cheerfulness and contentment.

For you to smile is to so mix the elements that form your make-up as to place yourself before people as a living example of peace and power.

For you to smile is for you to live and become a permanent member of the grandest society ever formed —The Brothers of the Smile.

Scars

THERE is one thing certain about the man who has scars, and that is that he has gone through some sort of a conflict. He was doing something. Scars never come to people who sit still. Most scars result from effort. Scars cost! Their price is paid in courage, sacrifice, unselfishness, suffering.

But scars silently testify to the value of character as no number of material medals or written words possibly could.

Some bear scars that no human being can see. Some carry around scars that any one could discern if they would. Who is it that can see the scar left inside one's very soul after a winning fight against some devastating habit? Who is it that can measure the depth of the scars interwoven about the lines and planes of a man's face?

Boast not at all, but take pride in every honorable scar that your body and character carry.

A great lawyer, whose name is known by the masses of America, went to a photographer for some pictures. He sat in his office with a friend as the finished pictures were delivered to him. "Oh," he remarked on glancing

at them, "see what they have done. They have taken all the lines and scars from my face that it has taken me thirty years to put there!"

Face the fight to-day. Scars may come before the nightfall, but each will mark a milestone in your career of worth.

Holy Hysterics

THERE are a great many things that you can do that will make the crowd smile, and that are out of the ordinary, yet which are the finest things that a human being can do.

For instance, the man who can "lose himself" at a good, clean sport like a base ball game and who can throw his hat in the air and wave his arms and use his vocal cords to good advantage—such a man is a real man who is not afraid to show it.

The man who gets too old to be enthusiastic has already arrived at the age where he is useless. William E. Gladstone, chopping down trees at eighty years of age, was a wonderful spectacle—a fine picture of true greatness at play.

Never be ashamed to show what you feel and to act out the things that come to the surface and which call for expression. Suppose people do call you hysterical and crazy. It is better to be hysterical and crazy in the sense of truly letting out harmless feelings and enthusiasm than it is to be inhuman.

Idea Ownership

IDEAS are for the strong. There is no such thing as true plagiarism. There is not an idea expressed that has not already been expressed somewhere by some one at some time. So that no one is sole owner of an idea or a thought.

The thoughts and ideas that you create out of your own personality belong to you only so long as you express and work them out with greater realism than any one else.

The thought of the world will never go into bankruptcy, nor will any receivership ever sit at its council table. In your strong and definite organism live the elements that are able to create virile thought and expression of endless benefit to humanity. And at the time you feel that you have given out most from your thought toil, at that moment you will be most enriched.

Limit your thinking to a definite end.

Off Parade

SOME one has said that "no man is a hypocrite at his play." What a shame that the world doesn't play at least half of its time!

Off parade the great man finds himself and he discovers to what proportion he is given over to greatness and to the expression of his personality.

Play brings out character. A great newspaper man once told the writer that if he wanted to learn the real character of a man he would take him out for a week of trout fishing. It is at play—a long way off from the

crowd—that a man unfolds himself and lays himself out for exhibition. And it is then that he is as he is, both good and bad.

So that if you want to improve the opinion you would like people to have of you, get off parade—and play. But play alone occasionally so that even you may see the colorings of your character and in frank solitude see your own faults and shortcomings.

Honesty is Intelligence

THERE is a saying that "it takes a smart man to be a crook." But it takes a smarter man to be honest, for honesty in its last analysis, is nothing but intelligence. The man who has brains sufficient to realize that honesty at all times is the best policy is the man who is the most intelligent.

To be fair with yourself, is to be honest with yourself, and to be honest with yourself is to show to the world that you are very intelligent.

Dishonesty always robs a man of his honor, always kills the natural workings of his brain and blasts at the vitals of his heart feeling. So that dishonesty of whatever nature is always ignorance.

Brains used for dishonest purposes require just as much time and effort as though directed along high and noble channels. And yet the returns are always lower, for the man who is forced to despise himself and to turn traitor to the best feelings and sentiments that he has, makes himself an outlaw before all the world.

Honesty is always intelligence. If you doubt it in the least manner, put it to the test, and you will find that nothing is truer than this statement.

The Educated Heart

IGNORANCE is not confined to the brain. There are people who have ignorant hearts—people who constantly profess a desire to do good deeds, but never put them into action, thus keeping their hearts and finer sentiments bare and uneducated.

The old saying is that "hell is paved with good intentions." It probably is if there is a hell. Quite as likely are the walls of people's hearts lined with cold, quiet marble, whose good intentions never get outside.

Instead of saying to your friend, "If there is anything I can do for you let me know," get busy and do something, and then your friend will let you know afterwards how much he appreciates your thoughtfulness. Do—and leave the intending business to somebody else.

There is hardly an hour of any day that the opportunity doesn't crop out from some unknown source for a man or woman to render distinct and definite service—a chance to add culture and refinement, as well as power, bigness and broadness to their heart education.

Watch for these chances. Grasp them the minute you see them and work them out. Not every one, perhaps, may become the "highly educated" man or woman, from a brain standpoint, but none is so poor or so isolated that it is impossible for him or her to become the finest educated—in heart.

What You Can

OLD Themistocles was a very wise old fellow. Listen to what he once said: "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city!"

Every man is expected by Almighty God, by society, and by himself to do something that shall count. But he is never expected to do anything that he cannot or that he is by make-up unfitted to do. The failures of this world are made up, largely, from the ranks of those who tried to do what they never could do in a thousand years.

Suppose you can't sing, or eloquently speak, or invent, or rule. You can saw wood. Most everybody can do that. Wood must be sawed and there must be those who will step up and face the woodpile.

So, if you can't do what you would LIKE to do, why not do what you can do?

Credit always migrates to where credit is due. Your energies may be horribly discounted at some jobs, where at others they might draw all men your way. The people who "find their place" are the people who FIT their place.

Most certainly you have a chance to do what you can —if you WILL.

Everybody is a miserable failure at something—or would be. The happy man is he who is a success at something that he can do well. You can smile, anyway. And if there is one thing that this old world needs, it is a great Army and Navy of smilers.

This Artificial World

THIS is a mighty artificial world—and every moving, breathing person knows it. You know, and I know, that we must make dunces of ourselves a good deal of the time in order not to appear queer and unorthodox—whatever that is.

If the storekeeper says that buttons on our shoes are the thing, buttons we insist on having. But if he tells us that buttons are no longer considered the thing, then we must agree with him that strings are the real thing with which to tie our shoes. And so on, and on, through a million like foolishnesses.

We must be "in style" and we must keep up with the other fellow at all costs, or else we actually are "out of date." But how much of history is wasted on what a man wore or ate or where he slept?

Women kiss and men shake hands, and the little tots don't do any of these things. They do just as they feel and are. Their toes rebel at the artificial squeezes. Their little heads disapprove of the "higher laws" of "the higher circle," for they don't understand and they don't want to understand. They are little democrats, free and easy, natural and glad and good.

But always the man—when in wonderful solitude—pulls off his coat, kicks off his shoes, rids himself of his neck slavery and turns off the stage lights. He forgets about his transient feelings—naturally. Because he is as much a product of the Divine mind as the birds that sing at his door in the morning.

This artificial world! Would that we all might—once at least—give it an awful wallop.

Your Neighbor

WE are all our brother's keeper, and we are all neighbors. But we are everlastingly forgetting about these truths.

A Scotchman, to whom the name of a Dr. Robertson had traveled down, was curious to know who he really was. To which inquiry, his genial neighbor modestly, with a smile, responded: "YOUR NEIGHBOR!" But the Scotchman could not persuade himself that the man with whom he conversed daily was the man who wrote the history of his country.

The great look mighty human and commonplace close by. But that is one of the surest evidences of their greatness.

Whoever smiles at you a smile of comfort and encouragement is your neighbor, whether he lives over the fence or over the miles. At times even a world looks insignificant. And at other times the few steps between yourself and the fellow next door may be a false thousand miles.

It's too bad that "introductions" are expected. You can't order your friend or neighbor as you do your coat. On the other hand, what delights of human companionship are left to perish as do the lilies of the forest, because of a lot of man-made nonsense of formality.

A man passes for what he is, sooner or later. And the chances are that you will like your neighbor quite as well as you make yourself likable to him. I don't know who you are—but *you* are my neighbor.

Titles

HOW many people put their fine faith into titles. As though a Dr., or Prof., or Ph.D., or an X. Y. Z. were sufficient pavement over which a MAN should walk!

George Washington, Ph.D.; Abraham Lincoln, A. M.; James Whitcomb Riley, Lit. D.; Theodore Roosevelt, L. H. D., M. S., D. D., O. D., E. D.—And-So-On. Funny stuff, isn't it?

Little folks work their fool heads off for titles and then live off them or rather try to. Big men despise titles because they would keep stumbling over them.

But some titles DO count For instance: Bill Jones, MAN; Jake Riis, CITIZEN; Sam Smith, FATHER; Charlie Force, DOER! No red tape and false exertion ever invented or bestowed such titles. But God Almighty has millions of like sort to unfussedly tie inseparately to every worthy name—and without any advance asking for them.

Real people create their own titles.

Genuineness is not for sale or hire in the market-place. What you ARE is infinitely finer and more distinguished than anything somebody else is able to hand you. Honor is something that grows up from somewhere deep inside of you. That which you outwardly inherit or acquire can amount to nothing excepting as it makes you more human and understandable and helpful to other people.

Have your titles if you will, but make them YOURSELF.

The Hand Clappers

OF all the nonsense performers, the professional hand clapper is about the cheapest. He is an automatic mechanism set to an outburst of noise. He isn't sincere and he knows it. He claps because he thinks he is expected to clap.

If some one could get you in a corner, alone, and ask you what your soul craved for, most all the time, you would probably say—encouragement and just approval. The crazy hand clappers wouldn't enter your mind.

Always the first man to desert you is the made-to-order hand clapper.

Sometimes the dainty hands do the service, sometimes the big, coarse hand. But it is always done according to "form" and system. You may tickle the crowd's ears and delight their eyes, but unless you get into the inner heart of real people, what you do might as well be done out in the woods among the silent trees, where the birds flit and the animals jump.

So, don't build upon applause and the volume of hand clapping.

The Greatest Habit

ALL habits revolve about one great central habit of yours—the habit to accurately, logically, clearly, and quickly, when occasion demands it—THINK. That comparatively small area back of your eyes where all the intricate faculties—the most marvelous space of wealth ever created—live, move and direct, is the real place where your happiness is controlled.

Take It

Just the minute you stop thinking you become a wanderer and a derelict.

If nobody is at home upstairs, what are you going to do when some stranger knocks? The brain is a thing that must be constantly fed during every waking hour, but the brain acts and reacts as does the stomach, according to the food that is given it. Feed the brain with dissolute pictures and worthless ideas and you will be a dissolute and worthless man, just as your body would be a weak and wobbling affair should you feed it unsanitary and unwholesome food. But both thrive and glow when given what they naturally demand.

The brain naturally demands and naturally responds to every process of high and noble thinking.

No matter where you are or what you do, think. Under every condition, as your first armament, think. There is a solution for every problem, and it is to—think. The man that uses his head properly is always a power and the man that doesn't use his head properly is always a menace.

Your whole human organism is but a bundle of habits, but the greatest of all is to think—accurately, logically, clearly—and quickly.

Condition

THE lamest excuse in all the world to fall back upon is the lack of condition. Why—condition! It's the sole secret of success. Go to your task or emergency in the full "pink of condition" and the result, whether successful or unsuccessful, is sure to be fully honorable.

Take It

The perfectly conditioned man is the ever ready man. He's the Master when the game begins.

It is said of Meissonier, the great painter, that he nightly anointed his hands with oil, so that his were the most beautiful hands in all his country. But the real reason for this great care of his hands was that they might at all times be in perfect condition to move about his canvases and paint the thoughts of their Master unerringly.

Preparation and condition are quite synonomous. They are the real reasons for strength and power at every cross-roads station of every day plodding. They are the watchwords that pour out the measure of success that is possible to you, as you will and work.

To be ready is to be first prepared.

Heed condition. It's the balancing meed that puts you fit for fighting and fulfilling.

The Punch

IT'S the man with the "punch" that climbs and achieves. So many stop just short of winning. They lack the punch—that sort of inborn ability—to put things through.

It is possible for you to have great abilities and for your brain to add numerous letters, in varied degrees, behind your name, but if you have not the punch to back up what your brain has gone out to conquer, you, as a personage of influence and power, are quite tame and commonplace.

Better be known for getting things done—quietly and effectively, accompanied by that mystery-moving, master-

making, quality, punch—than own the pure intellect of a giant. For it's the punch that wins.

No one cares for the namby-pamby. Red blood and vigor ever and always are tied to the punch.

Commerce and success are not found upon the street corners and along the road edges, warming their faces in the sun and resting their toes upon the pavement. Commerce and success are *inside,* moving here and there, buying, selling—delivering the goods—living and doing as the parents of the punch.

You

LET the immensity of your chance to live, more and more, quicken you. Have you ever paused long enough to consider seriously that each breath that you breathe, pacing out its measure, whispers an urgent message to you in that Time is adding up its strokes?

As though minutes could be whistled back like a petted dog!

It is for all of us—to think. For, as we think, we link our thoughts into the endless chain of Eternity. Minutes, hours, days—what priceless affairs! What a job to so handle them that at the close of each, they have so lifted us that we are able to see the whole of Eternity busy at the penciling of its story, through the intricate meanings that each one of our thoughts and acts have, with sureness, indelibly traced.

For, if everything that we think and do is a part of the wonder of Eternity—so also are we.

Be happy that you live.

The air that you breathe—let it taste delicious to you.

And whatever you see with your eyes, see the marvelous in it. Thus, exulting, search for the common cord of human feeling, that you may be able to play a tune to the whole world, revealing through the music of work, that you are a human among other humans, playing your part as one of the important players on the shifting stage of history's everyday.

Whether there be applause or not—mind not. If there be but smiles, you shall know that service has been performed—which is the zenith of joy and the whole purpose of life—for YOU and everybody.

How To Find Yourself

A LONELY woman once wrote to the writer of these brief little talks saying that she felt "lost" and that she sincerely wanted to "find" herself and wanted to know how.

There is only one way to find yourself and that is to hunt out some one else.

Our own little troubles, aches, worries, disappointments all melt noiselessly and almost unnoticeably away the moment we seek to eliminate these things from the life of somebody else. No matter how unfortunate or unhappy you are, there is some one, somewhere, who is worse off. Remember this. Then try to find that person. When you have found such a one and sought to put some sunshine into his clouds, you'll find sunshine creeping in to your life from everywhere.

Think of the happiness and usefulness beyond—that which arrives at the house of somebody else the minute you take it there.

Take It

Immortal beings should trot around. There is nothing but rust and decay in standing still and wondering why somebody doesn't come along and give you a lift. The lift will come but it is necessary for you to go out and motion for it. It is inevitable if you but keep the habit of individual lifting alive within your soul.

Go! Hunt, move—busy yourself in service and you can't help but find yourself. And when you have found yourself, you will be happy.

Strangers

ISN'T it strange that in this strange world the stranger is the strangest of all strange things? Half an hour before, the man or woman that you passed by, was a stranger—but now through mutuality of some one else you are made akin.

Why is it that any one of us should be strange to somebody else? Our feet all pat the same ground and the air we breathe all comes from the Eternal Provider at whose board we are after all but a little company in comparison with the bigness of the universe.

How fine it would be if every one of us instinctively knew each other and felt drawn freely and without restraint to each other. Must cold and meaningless formality slice away half the hope of happiness in the world?

You who have missed the contagious whole-heartedness and splendid man-for-what-he-is spirit of the fragrant West-America, contrasted with the formality and stage rules of the East, if you knew, might almost long that the East and West might change clothes for a while

—just to get acquainted and to realize that the strangers are too many—in the East.

The sooner you realize that everybody is a friend, provided you carry around with you the friend fragrance, the sooner will you wake up to the true family feeling of the world and the sooner will dissensions and class divisions disappear and all be as one working toward a single end.

Horse Play

TO many, life and its responsibilities come only as so much horse play. To such, days come merely as consecutive pieces of events—all happenings—heavy laden, 'tis true, with their burden of opportunity and sunshine and happy forebodings, but as heralds of importance they hold no sway.

Are you in any part or parcel a mover in this daily farce of horse play—an actor in antics unavailing?

Most of us are guilty—in some measure or to some extent—of horse play—tiddle-de-winking with time and hope. So that to all of us comes the call to attention and aptitude to work and duty.

Is your work, no matter how important or humble, the most serious thing at your hand? Or, are you intermixing it with nonsense and horse play? These are individual questionings. And they must be conferenced out alone, each man unto himself.

Whatever you do, do something upon which you can build. Eliminate all horse play.

That Which Comes

WE are apt to value most those things which come to us because we go after them. And those who have not the energy and force and fight to go after things, work overtime trying to convince the rest of the world that they have ben cruelly left on the back door step.

But, as a matter of truth, have you ever stopped to consider that some of the best things in this world actually come to you?

The air you breathe, nature with all her wonderful works, friends, love, and golden opportunities by the score—these things come to you without cost and mostly unasked. Your character and happiness and success depend upon how you take them all and how you use what they offer.

Smiles are not bought for a price. Courage has no paid salesmen. Initiative isn't a beggar. You win with what you take and use—from the endless selections that each day offers.

You bring nothing with you into this world that you can take out of it at the close of your days—excepting what you become from the things that travel your way. And you grow big or shrink from the attitude you take toward that which comes.

Certainly you can have success. It's in the air, it's everywhere. It's always after you from some quarter or other. Take it.

The Sun

IT'S no wonder that there are in the world those who are termed Sun worshippers. It is too bad that the world is not full of people who are Sun worshippers and Sun lovers.

Probably the Sun has a greater influence on our lives than any other physical force. When the Sun shines, usually our spirits within shine and—we shine.

But when the Sun goes under a cloud and the day all darkens up, then we forget that there ever was a Sun. Even the grass and flowers grow sad as soon as the Sun creeps away. Just as soon as it shows its face everything begins to brighten up and there are smiles everywhere. Even the birds then sing their sweetest songs.

If the Sun came but a half dozen times a year, the whole world would rise to honor it and celebrate over its coming, but because it is with us so much we forget all that it is to us. We forget that, as a matter of fact, it is rare that we don't have it, but on those rare occasions we grow complaining and discontented.

But in remembering and enjoying and loving the Sun, do not forget that marvelous as the Sun is, somebody infinitely more Marvelous made the Sun.

Awe

THE awe of things raises the hair of many of us and starts our hearts to tapping faster. But why? There is no why.

Many a man has enveloped himself with a certain kind of awe and climbed over it to success. The world ad-

mires nerve and courage—even a kind of bluff—else they wouldn't take it into their keeping so much.

What is awe? It's an attitude. If the attitude makes good on its face value, you win.

Are you afraid to go ahead because you are awed away from your ideals and convictions? The trouble with you, maybe, is that you need to awe yourself. For no one is going to be awed by your attitude unless you hold securely within your own soul the essence of power that gives to the strong man his awe.

The best and most comfortable place in this world to stand—where you can think and fight and work—is out in front. If you are awed at all, you are awed by the fellow who leads.

Why not do a little leading yourself? Why not step out from the crowd? Why not make of *your* character and influence something that will awe and inspire.

YOU CAN—if you will.

On Forgiving Yourself

YOU are closer to yourself than is any other person. Wrapped within you, and inner sealed, are the precious forces that explain to you what sort of a person you are. You are yourself because you are yourself. You can never be anybody else—notwithstanding the fact that there is within you a little bit of each and every one who has lived before you, and now lives.

When you do wrong, you hurt yourself—you are the greatest sufferer. No one can possibly realize the pain or remorse that your locked heart feels. It's all there, shut, silent and vault like—eyes and alien feelings cannot

wedge in there. The outside world may criticise and sneer and cynically smile—but it cannot forgive you. Except formally. Forgiveness must come out of yourself and then go back from whence it came. For you are the one most wronged by yourself. Therefore forgive yourself.

But forgive yourself openly and freely—making no exceptions.

And after you have forgiven yourself, away with all sentimental bosh and blubber. You are then a new being. You are the same as though you were about to start new. Start then. And get happy over the matchless power that you have in forgiving yourself.

Clock Watchers

FOR you to be a clock watcher is not a bad idea—provided you watch the clock right—to see just how MUCH you can do that is worth while inside each hour. For then, to you each click will emphasize responsibility and an urgency for action. For you will fully realize that—

Each clock-click means Time—GONE.

As soon as you form the habit of measuring your day in clock-clicks and as you do it, stake off deeds done, you come to honor Time and give to every duty and every piece of work—no matter how small—a dignity of standing that is sure to clothe you with a feeling of superbness. So, forget not that—

Each clock-click meanes Time—GONE.

One of the real inspiring pictures of this and coming generations is had in the picture of the silver haired

Take It

Edison bending quietly over his tubes and wires and paraphernalia in his laboratory in Orange, New Jersey. Would that some painter might put it into some matchless canvas or that some marble wielder might get it into deathless stone! Here is the picture of a man—the most wonderful of his age—momentarily deploring that there are so many clock-clicks and that they rush by so quickly. Edison has always realized that—

Each clock-click means Time—GONE.

Watch the clock—or imagine it before you as you work. But only that you may not lose a single chance to Be and Do inside the minutes and hours that click, click, click—away.

Spilled Milk

YOU who read this book and have stumbled into this little talk, here is a question: Do you believe in spilled milk? Spilled milk has come to mean accidents that you couldn't help. It is the unavoidable.

Make your spilled milk a source of strength.

For if it is spilled—it is spilled. That is the end of the milk. The next move is to hunt up some more milk. There is an unrealized amount of energy and usefulness wasted through spilled milk. There is always another cow somewhere.

Make your spilled milk a source of strength.

Instead of regret and sorrow and bemoaning over your mistakes and blunders and accidents, smile and turn on a supply of extra steam and begin to cash in on the happening. Make each such case of spilled milk a test of the fine endurance that is within you. Find a new cow. Go after some more milk.

Make your spilled milk a source of strength.

Hats and Collars

ISN'T it strange that the average man or woman cares more for what other people think of them than of what they think of themselves—so strangely have we become entrenched in false precedent and standards.

Take hats and collars, for instance.

Excepting in the case of rain and excessive heat, hats are positively harmful. The abolition of hats, excepting for the purpose of protection, would prevent fully fifty per cent of the hair of the heads of the human race from leaving its natural place.

There is nothing more healthful than to walk in the open air without a hat and allow the golden rays of the Sun to kiss your brain top and the gentle breezes to fan and cool it. Did you ever hear of a bald Indian?

The same idea of slavery hovers about collars, high heels, crazy clothes and the like. For the sake of style and precedent and what other people will think and say we become slaves and bow to ideas long dead.

If you want people to notice you and respect you, you can't adopt a better plan than to do things differently, by doing what you think you ought to do—not what somebody else thinks you ought to do.

Playing and Being

NO one could sit long before the acting of the late Joseph Jefferson without being tremendously impressed with the fact that in front of him was a man not merely playing a part, but a man who WAS the part. For Jefferson to act was for him to BE the actual character.

And yet, after all, perfect acting is but living the part. And to LIVE your part is to ACT—superbly.

Sometimes it seems that the myriad affairs of life have become so inter-mixed and inter-massed that earnestness and individuality of excellence only come about here and there when a man or woman decides to BE instead of to play.

The man who unconsciously grows is the man who is afraid to play while at his job.

The imitators and tinkerers dot the world's activities. Have you ever stopped to ask yourself whether or not you are one of the dots? Have you ever answered to yourself, truly and with conviction, that you are actually being the part in which you are engaged?

The way to be an orator is to forget oratory. In like manner the way to be a great worker and doer is to forget that you are at work and that you are doing.

Onslaughts

THERE is a lesson for us all in the life of the wrestler. His whole training centers around how to meet all sorts of onslaughts—and in it all, to—*keep his feet.*

Keep your feet.

Daily there are men and women toppling over and being tramped underneath the rushing feet of the crowd, simply because they never learned how to meet the onslaughts and to ward them off.

Keep your feet.

The interesting and thrilling events of your life are the conflicts and battles you have fought. Many times

the onslaughts come from within yourself. But if so, they are none the less bereft of glory, if you but—

Keep your feet.

To-day, stand steady. The hours many times fail to send on advance messengers. Onslaughts come mostly unannounced. The world is a wonderful world, and you are a wonderful man or woman, if you have learned how, under all conditions, to—

Keep your feet.

The True Host

THERE are few pleasures that give more satisfaction than the pleasure of making somebody else happy while you take the center of the stage as host.

The true host forgets that he is around and remembers only that his friend is there.

You can never be a true host by bringing to your fireside or to your estate or to your table human beings merely to shift the poisoned feelings and sensibilities of your own self to them. To make them happy all the happiness that is within you should enter them.

Hospitality is something that is given away, not exchanged, not loaned—not sold.

As soon as your guest enters your heart and home, he should be made to feel that what is yours is his, that the very atmosphere, your accessories and all you have are his to enjoy as though they belonged to him.

And don't forget this—that whatever you have and whatever your guest has, are merely loaned to you both after all.

A Five-Hour Day

IT is a very wise saying, that it is not what a man earns, but what he SAVES that establishes that man's wealth. So it is with effort. It is not what a man consumes in time that makes his abilities valuable, but it is what he concentrates into time—what he accomplishes in the briefest time that goes to stamp that man as a do-er.

The efficiency and advisability of an eight-hour law for workers has been proved over and over again as a wise move. For the fresher and healthier and happier a man or woman is the more useful they are and the better they do their work.

A step farther, however, is necessary. The sooner men get big enough to seriously move for a five-hour working day the sooner will the maximum efficiency of workers be proved. For, are not five hours in which a man concentrates everything that he has within him to the working out of his ideas, of vastly more benefit than eight hours of labor performed wherein his efforts reach but half their full power?

What a world for human beings this will be when the flag is run up that means a five-hour day.

Golf

GOLF is a character game. It is a health game. It is a joy game. It is a man game.

There is not a town or city in any country that would not double its investment over and over again should it build, equip and care for its own municipal golf

links and urge its youth to take fullest advantage of its benefits.

For of all the games for the showing up of what a real man is, what he has and what he lacks, there is nothing the peer of golf. It is too bad that at the present time it is so much the game of the man of money and leisure.

Golf trains and clears the mind, lightens the heart and strengthens the body. It slaps the face of worry, takes the wind out of the sails of gloom, teaches marvelous control and leads a man right into the innermost secrets of his own soul, where he can look them over, analyze them and work them to useful purpose.

Also golf takes a man's mind far from himself.

No wonder the game has lasted as long as it has, no wonder it is growing every day in popularity, no wonder that once entered upon, it grips, fascinates and rivets the best that is within a man to its best mastery.

Perspiration

THERE is a great deal said about the "ordinary man." Did you ever stop to think that there is only one thing that can make an "ordinary man"? And that is for that man to do ordinary things in an ordinary way.

The big, successful man—the driving, purposeful, accomplishing man—he is the fellow who does things just a little extra-ordinary. He sweats.

Perspiration is what keeps the whole world from becoming commonplace. Just the minute the sweat begins to roll off a fellow's forehead, that moment his heart

comes to his task, his sensibilities grow keen and his soul bubbles with joy.

If you are unhappy and if things are not just right, roll up your sleeves and get busy at some task that will start the water running off your brow. It will immediately dry up those little globules that try to come out of your eyes, and bring you back to the point where you will realize that, after all, you are master of yourself.

Perspire! And remember that it never hurt any man.

Nit-Wits

THE most highly organized piece of machinery in the world remains valueless unless its value is devoted to the purpose for which it was built. It is the same with the human brain. Of all marvelous organizations ever conceived, the organization in the make-up of a Master Mind excels them all.

There are few brains that are not wonderful in some way.

Your brain, for instance, has possibilities that no other brain has ever had. But if these possibilities are merely shoved aside, made over into vacuum chasers and constantly thwarted, you who are guided by your brain, finally are resolved into just an ordinary "Nit-Wit," a man with a potentially useful brain, but with "nobody home."

Every time you use your brain to a purpose, you create brand new uses for all its forces. And every time you allow yourself to become a mere "Nit-Wit" you make it that much easier for your brain to run wild—aimlessly treading its way.

Brook Philosophy

CAN there be anything more delightfully fascinating than the busy, sparkling, moving little brook as it winds its way from the high places, around and about the rocks and ferns and trees and flowers and bird songs?

For the little brook keeps traveling—on and on, *expecting* bigger things—and singing a trinkle song as it goes.

And if you could follow, you would learn from the steady, patient little brook. For sometime or other, somewhere, the river or lake must appear. And the little brook's ideal comes true.

No brook, however, ever became anything by becoming stagnant. Its life must be one of motion and action—all the time going forward.

The little brook doesn't care how many miles it has to go before it becomes big. It has no mind for the stones and hills in its way. It just keeps going. And it's glad to feed the fishes and water the birds and animals and people while it's on its way. Without asking favors it fully grants them to anything and anybody.

Oh, you little brook! I can learn a lot from YOU.

How

HOW—to smile; how—to be serious; how—to be content and even-souled though having little; how—to be big and generous with an abundance: how—to face trial times with fortitude and calmness; how—to taste defeat; and how—to drink from the cup of

victory without singeing your fine spirit. Happiness and one of the greatest secret sources of character strength lie in your ability to interpret, to live, to understand—just how.

If you do not know how, learn how.

Back of much failure is the ignorance of how. There is a world of value in knowing how to convert set-backs and repeated failures into big successes later on. For there is a constantly increasing power back of it that is sure to be yours if you start out by knowing how. You will then enter your work with daring and confidence, feeling full well that what comes is sure to be something worth while.

If you don't know how, learn how.

How many a man on looking over a piece of work explains that he doesn't know how to go about it, and how to carry it through. But there is always some one somewhere who DOES know how. And to him who does know how and proves it, multitudes remain ever ready to cheer him on and up.

If you do not know how, learn how.

I Must

TOO many of us live little negative lives, doing the things that merely "fall" to us or pass our way. We do too little reaching out and digging down. We think of "I Must," for instance, as a positive that only heroes and gods ought to associate with. But—

Unless your life is permeated by positives—by some *personal* responsibility of effort, your character, at the end, will stand weak indeed.

Take It

"I Must," said Lord Nelson, at Trafalgar; "I Must," said Washington at Valley Forge; "I must," said Lincoln, at Gettysburg; "I Must," said Mark Twain, with bankruptcy clutching at his heart; "I Must," says every great man and woman, sensing duty, opportunity, crisis, and the larger success.

"I Must," is God's vest pocket formula to you who breathe His free air, and work in His workshops.

Daily every one of us faces tasks that we didn't expect and that we would rather not do. It is the order of circumstance. But just the minute that "I Must" comes along, our program clears up and our work proceeds plainly and according to plan. That man is most satisfied with life who is most satisfied with doing what he feels is his BEST.

"I Must!" All right—proceed.

Shaking Hands

A MAN'S hand, a woman's hand, a baby's hand—hands—what a World these hands have helped to shape!

So, is it any wonder that the adopted mode of greeting and good will should be by grasping and—shaking hands?

All I want to know about a human being is how he shakes hands, and you may take your fancy pedigree chart and hang it in the wood shed.

I know that I can trust and love the full heart-warm hand shaker. I don't care how rough or smooth the palm or fingers may be. I want to feel the heart jumping out there. I want to feel that that's where character silently says its say.

Take It

Oh, how bounden up in mere foolish forms we are. But shaking hands is none of them.

This is a busy world and folks don't all have time to ask of you from whence you came, or how long you expect to stay, or how much you claim to carry around in your brain box, but each and all do have time to talk of what you are in your hand shake.

So, here's a hand shake for *you* across the silent miles.

Tears

TEARS do much to keep the human soul from freezing up. Have you ever stopped to think of the kind of world this would be without tears?

The tears of the babe, the tears of the mother, the tears of the strong man! As the dew on the clothes of the earth at morning time, so are tears, scattered among people, as change is wrought and events step ahead, the beautifiers of the world.

No man or woman ever shed honest tears without seeing better and clearer afterwards.

Moments there be when the human heart becomes "too full for utterance." And it is at such a time that tears must flow that vision may become newly adjusted.

But woe be to him by whom unhappy tears must come —the tears of anger, of oppression, of poverty—of war.

Tears of joy, tears of thankfulness, tears of love, tears of full expression. Well, these kind are worth while.

So don't be afraid or ashamed of them when they abruptly appear.

Who Cares?

WE are all creatures of moods. And so we all have moments when we feel as though we were of such small value that nobody cares who we are or what we do. But if ever a man is stranded upon the rocks, it is at such a time as this.

Who cares? Why! *everybody* cares. Don't you think that they don't. If they say they don't, they don't mean it.

Your discouraged hour is the discouraged hour of many a one right now, somewhere. And if that one is believing that somebody, somewhere, really cares, you can believe as he believes.

This is a caring old world—hard faced as it seems to look. It would have been put out of business long ago if it hadn't cared. No matter what your lot, there is some one, somewhere, whose lot is harder, and the chances are that he is sticking it out like a good Indian, with patience and fortitude.

Who cares? YOU care!

For you are a human being. And is not a human being a million times greater than all the birds and animals and flowers and chunks of gold and all the rubies and diamonds that serve and beautify the place where human beings live and eat and walk around?

Whether you care or not counts with *you* more than with anybody else, much as everybody else cares. Remember that it does not rain ALL the time anywhere.

Blue Devils

DO you ever have the Blue Devils? If you never do, you are not human. Even as the temperature rises and falls, so do our moods and feelings come and go, tumble over each other, scatter, and then come together again.

The most wonderful antidote for the Blue Devils—for of course you know what they are—is work.

But you say: "That is what has brought on the little Blue Devils. I have been working too hard." No, you have been worrying too hard. *Work* harder. It may be, however, that you have been doing the wrong sort of work. Work till you find the RIGHT work.

Red-blooded people have fewer Blue Devils than any one else.

Fresh air, clean thoughts, sound sleep and plenty of it, and activity, redden the blood as nothing else can. Also, these things make it rich as well as red. And the Heart, answering back, says: "I want more of the RED!"

Your efficiency depends largely upon how few Blue Devils you allow around.

Drive out your Blue Devils. Smile them out. Work them out. Sleep them out. Love them out. Exercise them out. KICK them out!

Say So

IF you believe in Yourself—
Say so.
If you have convictions worth while—
Say so.

Take It

If you are happy and are glad of Life—
Say so.
If some one helps you and lifts you up—
Say so.
If you think this is a great world in which to live—
Say so.
If you don't like things as they are—
Say so.
If you make a blunder now and then, have the courage to—
Say so.
If you have love in your system, the world would like to know it—
Say so.
"What all the World's A-Seeking," is frank expression and open confession. It begs for it every hour. It wants it now. In fact, one of the great pieces of building material in your own personal success is the one that is able to suggest to you just how and when to—
Say so.

Dropping Stitches

"A STITCH in time saves nine," is a fine saying, but a greater thing than saving "nine" while you are stitching right along, is not to miss any stitches at all. For a stitch dropped, here and there, may lose you a thousand—and success itself, at the last.

Drop no stitches at all.

Every time you lose a minute of time, you drop a stitch in the string of your days, that you can never go back to and pick up. Every time you slight your work, you are dropping stitches that later are sure to unravel and

let out from your grasp the most vital things in life for you.

Drop no stitches at all.

What about that fellow over there, working as though he was paid a hundred dollars a minute, instead of his few dollars a week? Oh, nothing—excepting that he is dropping no stitches—which, being interpreted, means that he may some day own the business into which he now puts his *whole* heart.

Drop no stitches at all.

Work as though the eyes of every person in the world watched. Work as though your present effort meant your final success. Work as though you KNEW that no other man or woman in all the world could do what you do—as well as you CAN do it.

Keep Pegging

NONE of us do so well but that we could do better. But it is a great mistake to sulk because results fail to measure up to our expectations. The proper thing to do at such a time is to smile and—peg and peg and peg.

Keep pegging.

At this very hour you may be engaged in a task or enterprise that is showing signs of failure or symptoms of weakness. Well, face them—but with confidence of winning in your system. In other words, peg and peg and peg.

Keep pegging.

Any one who has ever seen a college boat race has had illustrated to him a fine example of the Pegging away

principle. The spurts at the start and for the first half of the race rarely win the race. It's the crew that keeps pegging from the start, steadily and evenly, saving its strength for a final spurt at the finish, that wins. It knows the meaning of peg and peg and peg.

Keep pegging.

Discouraged? Peg a little harder. All "in"? Start pegging all over again. Want to see yourself grow materially stronger day by day? All right. There is no better plan than to—peg and peg and peg.

Keep pegging.

Success Defined

SUCCESS is just ordinary failure—turned forward. Success is a positive piece of business. There is nothing negative to it.

Success is not a thing loaned, or borrowed, or handed down, or copied. Success is something earned, something found—something grasped.

Also success is something that YOU are, and have, that nobody else is or has. Success is finding yourself—genuinely. For when you have found yourself, you have found your life work, which thereafter is but the interpreting of what you are and have, set toward a noble viewpoint, and then translated into deeds and achievements.

The first process in success is to do your work in the BEST way that you know how. And the next process ever after is to follow up your work with something BETTER.

Handful Democracy

MAYHAP there be thousands that call you friend, but how many can you name? I think of my friends as my Handful Democracy. For I daily get further into life and find that I am able still to hold the total handful.

My friends! that would strip their coats for me—and I for them, that dine as to the manner as I dine, that walk where I wish to walk, and who read and think and consider and sympathize as I do. Who locate responsibility and like to help where it is lodged. Handful Democracy—how limited in law—but how rich in love and order.

I would do anything for my friend, and I know he would do anything for me. But I loved him even before I knew this.

My friend is big to me, also he knows that I try to be big to him. He can't be petty, because he is strong. When I am impatient, he is patient. We offset. We draw circles about each other and mark with pride the personal triumphs that spot out here and there. For when my friend climbs, I too, climb. Happiness, and work well performed, is the order of the day, and peaceful rest—without the aid of poppy juice—the order of the night.

My Handful Democracy is a limited organization of understanding. We each KNOW each other. And it takes years to—KNOW!

Is your Handful Democracy as wonderful as mine? I hope so. For if it is, I doubt not but that the working basis of the world is fairly sound. For from Handful Democracy must spring Group Democracy, and from

this, on and on, into World-wide Democracy. But not then the Millennium! Oh, no. Just something like it.

Holdbackers

EVER notice a balky horse? Ever notice how he just foolishly looks around himself, bites his bit—and absolutely refuses to go ahead or to be led or driven? He is a fit representative of thousands of human beings—and with but a fraction of their sense!

One of the great sources of inspiration in this world is a human being who doesn't bite his bit or hold back.

You, whose brain has evolved a great organization—you know the joy that springs up out of the consciousness that those who work under your direction, not only take the bit in their teeth, but go ahead and pull the load. Also, you know the tremendousness of worry and weight that results from trying to pull an organization of holdbackers.

If you can't pull and if you can't push, then for the sake of yourself and for the sake of the organization in which you find yourself, get out of the way and let the willing workers have their way. No man ever held back in any enterprise or crowd or business without first becoming a holdbacker against himself.

If people look upon you as a holdbacker, begin this minute within yourself to change "the map." Get in place. Do your share. Pull with the rest. You will have no idea—until then—of what a fool you were as a holdbacker. You will become the "Cornerstone" of Efficiency.

Be Brief

THE more you make of yourself and the bigger you become—the more you will appreciate brevity. Among the interesting stories told of J. Pierpont Morgan at the time of his death was this: In conversation with one of his friends the topic turned to the value of time, and Mr. Morgan stated that he estimated his time to be worth a thousand dollars an hour! Brevity always counted with Mr. Morgan.

Be brief.

The habit of brevity becomes the habit of conservation. What you say accumulates for you.

Be brief.

Brevity starts with orderly habits of mind backed by a will and a worthy purpose. For the more you accomplish what really counts, the more you will value the minutes that belong to you and every one else—and the more you will appreciate brevity.

Be brief.

Be brief in what you have to say at all times. Think much. Talk little. Be brief in your letters. It takes time to read them. Concentrate your ideas. Lincoln's Gettysburg address stands as the greatest and most notable that was ever delivered. It took but a few moments to deliver it. The world long ago forgot the speech the scholarly Edward Everett delivered at the same time, as the "orator of the occasion." Its delivery consumed over two hours. If you want to be effective—

Be brief.

Talk Exchange

JUST think what this world would be if people could not talk. Just think how miserable you would be if you could not find somebody to talk with at those times that come to everybody, when if you don't talk and get your feelings into expression, it seems as though you would almost be self-smothered.

But the essence of all foolishness is to talk, just to hear yourself talk or to hear somebody else talk.

To talk well is as great an art as anything to which you are heir. To express yourself clearly, exactly, concisely—meaningly—can you imagine a man with more power? And isn't talk the exact center of a man's thinking apparatus in action?

So, first learn to talk intelligently, interestingly, and then hunt out other people who have mastered the same thing.

Exchange your ideas. Measure up your viewpoints with the viewpoints of other people. Line up your experiences with the experiences of others. Talk, but match your talk with results, then other people will always be intensely interested in everything you say.

Why

THERE always has been and there always will be a certain percentage of people whose prosaic brains cannot fathom the fine things that make progress wonderful.

When Admiral Peary, after having spent half a lifetime in just seeking the North Pole, finally returned to his native land after accomplishing it, people said, "Now

that Peary has found the Pole, what does it all amount to?"

Once a man named Patterson jumped into his automobile, took the wheel and left Chicago for New York. He made the trip in less than forty hours, breaking all amateur records. He got out of his automobile tired and worn, having had no sleep during all this time. He had actually whipped his body to the task.

And again people said, "What did he gain by it?"

I will tell you what Peary gained by it, and what Patterson gained by it. It is this—they did something that nobody else had ever done before, just because they wanted to do it—because of the love of doing it. It is such men as Peary and Patterson and scores of others of like calibre that furnish the axle grease that makes it possible for the world to move noiselessly but surely onward.

There is bigness, character and wonderful reward in doing things just for the love of doing them.

Men of Parts

THE doorkeepers to the idea houses, the enterprise shops, and the executive chambers of this world are held and lorded over by men of parts—men who can use a little tact here and a little tact there, men who know how to be strong when strength counts and who know how to be gentle when there is a call for gentleness.

The saying is that it takes all kinds of people to make up a world, but it takes all kinds of a man to make up a man.

Take It

This morning perhaps you read of some man you knew who failed. He lacked parts. The one part demanded was not there. Daily we see crises, and at each time the silent voice that sounds loud—but into nobody's ear excepting your own—is the voice that calls for one of those parts of yours to "make good."

If it were not for the men of parts interspersed through human society, all organization would tumble to pieces.

Men of parts are those who do not neglect a single chance to develop some side of their nature. Daily they fight for something better, something untried, something that may come to them unexpectedly. If you want to be happy and successful see how many of your parts you can educate to their highest efficiency.

The Human Republic

THE whole world is beginning to acknowledge that the republican form of government is the nearest approach to a perfect form of government—a government reflecting and as fully as possible expressing the ideas, aims and struggles of the people who form the government.

It is probably because of these truths that your body forms a natural Republic in itself. Your marvelous mind with its Body of Executors cannot act independently nor can it act autocratically. Each faculty of your body, every nerve center, every muscle, every organ, may supplement to a small or large degree the purpose back of every command that the Rulers in your brain give out.

So that the greatest man is the man who rules him-

self greatest. And no man can rule smoothly, strongly, heroically without every member of his body Republic working in unison. And the more perfect this union the more powerful and the more masterful the man.

Think of yourself as a living, moving Republic—a Democracy able to be idealized as well as made to work in practical fashion for the practical good of yourself and all.

Encouragement

YOU may think the above is a very commonplace subject. It is. So is bread a commonplace product.. But think what the world owes to bread! Then think what *you* owe to encouragement.

Bread is made for the stomach, but encouragement is for everything that makes up the body and life interest of a man.

A human being may be given sufficient bread to satisfy his craving and hunger, but no human being ever received all the encouragement that he wanted. In fact, the longer he lives and the more successful he becomes, the more he craves it.

To-day, study the first dozen faces that you meet. Do you think you could pick out *one* that wouldn't beam and brighten after a little encouragement? Answer—no, *no one.* Every last member of the human race, moment by moment, craves—hungers and thirsts—for encouragement. Just think of it. Then—

Make it one of the busiest habits of your life to Encourage everybody that you can.

For every time you encourage some one else, you encourage YOURSELF. And the more people you en-

courage, the more encouraged you become. You don't have to belong to any society or club or organization. And you don't need any "funds," or experience for that matter. All you have to have is the willingness to encourage. You can be a regular little encouragement society—President, Secretary and Treasurer—all by yourself.

That is what the writer of this little book is trying to be—for you. I hope he succeeds.

Adventure

DON'T get down so deep into a groove that you can't jump out. Don't let your body get bent over through application, else maybe some day you may try to look up and you can't. Use alone vivifies and vitalizes every faculty that you have. Let any ability of talent lie inactive long enough and it will either become buried or impotent. One of the greatest salvations of a human soul lies in its free hope for adventure.

It is the love of accomplishment in adventure that hardens and solidifies a man and keeps his legs from becoming wobbly.

Don't let the commonplace satisfy you or else it is liable to squeeze its strength about your neck, finally to choke you. Do a little adventuring. Get away from things and seek originality. Have a hobby or so and follow it to its limit. Travel. Get among new faces, new scenes. Wedge yourself into the midst of new occurrences. Start new thinking. Read new books. Analyze happenings, and every once in a while create happenings.

Just as truly as a new broom sweeps well so the same old brain you have, stirred up, creates new enthusiasm. And it is enthusiasms that give to adventure its attraction.

Assert Yourself

IF you don't know what is in yourself, nobody else will ever know it. But just as soon as you recognize that you have considerable ability, that moment your ability begins to stick out.

Assert yourself.

Napoleon was scarcely more than a boy when he took command of the Army of Italy. His soldiers almost mistrusted him, but the minute that he began to give his orders, concisely and straightforwardly, every man enthusiastically followed his lead. And battle after battle was won. For a leader was at the helm.

Assert yourself.

The inactive mind is the mind asleep, but the active mind is the mind asserting itself. Just the minute you begin to systematically organize the forces within you and put a definite purpose in front of them, that minute you assert yourself, and the world will recognize in you a man of initiative, of action, and of doing.

Assert yourself.

You have yourself largely to blame if you stand complaining to-day over your lot. Assert yourself, demand recognition. And the happiness that is sure to come over you from the secret knowledge that you are going forward is sure to make you masterful and dominating.

Assert yourself.

On Being Sorry

MANY a man makes a blunder and spends the rest of his life being sorry for it. Thousands of people, every day, literally eat their lives to starvation because at some time or other they stubbed their toes.

It is well to be sorry—but after that, you should forget it.

Repentance is good, but reparation is better. Time heals and forgets. What you are NOW is better than what you were THEN. It's what a man does NOW that makes him valuable and likable. History thinks too much of its spare time to talk much about the blunders of its actors.

The best way to be sorry is to show the world in deeds that you are human enough to be bigger than your errors.

Be sorry. It's good for your liver. But get over it and beyond it as quick as you can.

Feet and Eyes

YOUR eyes guide your feet. The one is the dependent of the other. When your eyes wander, your feet stumble.

Teach your feet and eyes the same lessons—send them to the same school.

But never forget that your eyes are the pilots to your soul. For the soul without a pilot is a character adrift.

See what you want. Then take your feet steadily to it. Look neither to the right nor to the left. Be a Captain worthy of your ship.

Take It

Look for the big and the best. And when you find them, adopt them for use. Eyes! Look out to-day. Feet! Be sure you get the right cue from your eyes.

For feet, properly guided by eyes, clear visioned and imaginative, will guide you—the master of your own fate—into those paths of life which lead steadily and persistently onward and upward.

Lonely Isolation

LET all your varied life experiences serve important ends. Many will come and seek to dislodge your heart from its casing. Many will bring you to a lonely isolation—where alone, if you are unafraid—you will be able to develop and store up great power, so that when you "come back" and the crowd understands, you will not lose your head.

But don't mistake self pity for martyrdom or stupid stubbornness for calm courage.

The world, sooner or later, comes to the view of the man whose sense of right and conscientious conviction sets firm in the face of missiles, tin cans, and bricks. And that man holds his own best whose idea of "the greatest good to the greatest number" doesn't lose its edge against popular storm.

Lonely isolation! After all such a position isn't so lonely. For at some time or other every great man or woman must experience it.

Carpets and Cushions

WHEN Newell Dwight Hillis, successor of Henry Ward Beecher, was asked his attitude, in case there should be those of the unemployed who might ask to sleep in his church, during the cold season, he replied that he certainly should allow them to do so—that he could never see "folks" as less in value than "carpets and cushions."

There is altogether too much carpet and cushion consideration moving around.

So long as we ourselves have our sunshine we cannot understand the shadow somewhere else. And yet, there is never sunshine without shadows.

The worker who cannot see beyond his own little outlined duties, is a representation of the carpet and cushion philosophy in life. How fast this idea is getting to big business men. Evidently Henry Ford, the Detroit business man, had this in mind when he initiated his cooperative plan of dividing liberally with those who helped make his own success.

Anyway, the sooner we all get away from the mean carpet and cushion kind of worship, the better for the world and people and posterity.

Sail On—And On!

ONE of the greatest poems ever written is that one named "Columbus," by Joaquin Miller, the Western poet. The inspiration of ages seems wrapped in its power and suggestion.

At every moment despair seemed to eat deeper into

every man that stood by the heroic Columbus as he visioned a new land—somewhere. But as each man came to the commander and urged turning back, but one reply came back: "Sail on—and on—and on!"

And Columbus sailed on—and on and on. His faith and courage has inspired a world. It waits upon you. At the moment when you feel that somehow you can't go a step farther, think of Columbus, and "Sail On—and On—and On!"

Hands

SAM JONES used to say that most people had three hands—their right hand, their left hand, and their behind hand! He told the truth.

But Sam should have gone further. He should have said that most people *should have* three hands—their right hand, their left hand, and their before hand. For the man who makes it a practice of always being before hand, usually wins out.

The successful salesmen of the country, in nearly every instance, are those who have their fat orders all tucked away in their pockets or else on their way to the home office, before the other fellows have set out for their day's work. The before hand man—employ him. The before hand man—you be that man.

And then there is the on hand man—always there at the *right* time, always there when he's needed as well as when he isn't needed—for he is the man who says that he may be needed at *any* time.

Why wouldn't four hands fit most men and women best? Here they are—Right Hand, Left Hand, Before Hand—On Hand.

Brain Youth

SOME one has given to us the striking sentence: "To the young, Nature does nothing but give: from the old she does nothing but take away." Your brain is the only power in your entire body that may not age. So—

Keep youth alive in your brain.

To your Brain your Will may say: "Life at its longest is but like the looking back and reviewing of a single day." For youth never returns to your muscles and to your bones and to your arteries once it is gone,—but youth trots along with your Brain—if your Will says so.

Keep youth alive in your brain.

William E. Gladstone, past eighty, chopping down trees, translating the classics anew, tramping the fields and solving mysteries—stands out as one of the most striking examples in history of one who kept his Brain young as his body grew old.

Keep youth alive in your brain.

It is interest that puts youth into your Brain and drives away age. Just so long as you are interested in the things you are doing, just so long work will grow upon you, strengthening your loyalty and enthusiasm and every ounce of your effort.

Keep youth alive in your brain.

Your Majesty

THE only difference between a King and anybody else is that he rules. It doesn't matter how many he rules, if he rules at all, he's King.

If you are not a King, it's because you don't rule—yourself! That is a wise saying that "he who rules his own spirit is greater than he who takes a city." Don't you see? We hear a lot about "the majesty of the law." There isn't anything or any one so majestic as the man who *knows* HE is King. YOUR Majesty! Do you grasp the meaning?

All right—Your Majesty. Enter your work with zest and zeal. Prove your personal leadership. And if you are going to be a King at all, be a BIG one—Your Majesty!

No man knows his limitations—few of us have ever accomplished a fifth of what we are capable. Kings alone have reached the summit. And no man is a REAL King who has not pushed back his mental horizon to its uttermost limits—Your Majesty.

On Confessing

THEY say that "confession is good for the soul." I'll tell you something that confession is *better* for than the soul. It's better for the brain, and stomach, and nerves, and liver than it ever could be for the soul. For these things keep the soul in health.

Confession is regeneration—re-CREATION.

So long as you have the courage to confess, to ac-

knowledge error, just so long are you your fine, wholesome, human self.

But keep your confessions to yourself. You are the one most interested in your own mistakes and blunders. And you are the one who benefits most when you render service!

Confess to yourself. Get to the point where you and yourself are on the best of terms—regular boon companions.

Don't let other people get the chance to gloat over your failures and toe-stubs. Get alone with yourself as often as you can and give yourself the most thorough criticism. Draw a picture with your mind's eye and in it put your "lacks." Scrutinize your failures and determine to clean up your life by eliminating the useless and undone for the helpful and serviceful.

Form the habit of daily, quiet, personal confession over and over again to yourself. But confess—to construct, to build better—to LIVE.

Step Back

OUR big ideas come about through perspectives by stepping back far enough to see, in its entirety, the thing of which we are required to offer judgment.

Step back.

History is written from perspective. A man has to die in order that the complete measure of his work may be calmly viewed and taken. It is then that the trifles and the unimportant points lose and give way to the bolder outlines of his career. It is then that the rugged features

that made his life dominant stay and stick, and form as it were, on the horizon of history, clear cut marks.

Step back.

Look at things from a distance. Judge your friend not by his eccentricities and failures and trivial sinnings, but by his whole life, his formulated plans, his visioned ideals and his loyalty.

Step back.

If your work seems to accord to you nothing but dull monotony and uninspired routine, step back. Perhaps you are emphasizing the small details and are working too near your tasks to see the big points that should spur and arouse you. Pause now and then—step back. View your work calmly by getting a *new* perspective and then enter into it afresh.

Step back.

The Unexpected

THERE is in life no running thrill like unto the thrill of the Unexpected. Even though it may loom, as through magic, fully clothed in the garb of the Expected.

Expect the Unexpected.

Like love, itself the greatest of all of the things Unexpected, the Unexpected always comes unannounced and void of aids. It just walks up in the midst of the right moment and straightforwardly says: "How do you do!" And you, too stunned with joy for the correct reply, simply laugh with happiness, outside in and inside out.

Expect the Unexpected.

Success and happiness are Infinite, like life. You can-

not say that either ended yesterday or ever will end. For everything wonderful is cumulative. And the things you keep and which make you great are the things you give away—the gifts and happenings that flash in the form of the Unexpected and that make you glad and appreciative. So—

Expect the Unexpected.

Full of Heart

THERE is too much of everything in this world—except Heart. Too much money, too much excitement, too many attractions, too many things to do—that don't get done. But in a million years this old world won't have too much Heart.

Isn't it strange that nearly all of us fight and fret and worry our lives out for everything excepting the one great thing that counts greatest?

I read in a book the other day of a wonderfully successful business man, and the writer said that he was "Full of Heart." Is it any wonder that his great working plant, where he employs thousands, is one of the model plants of the world?

I had a disagreement with a friend the other day, and I at once said to myself—"You aren't full of Heart," or else you would have understood. For it is the Heart people that understand and who know just how to do the right thing at the right time.

Just think what all life would be like if it were full of Heart. And just consider how strangely different you would be if people could say of you—"Well, he is full of Heart, anyway."

Doesn't it seem cheap and out of place to put money

and fame and all such dying things as comparisons in value to a man who is full of Heart?

Heart weight is sure to excuse a multitude of mistakes and shortcomings and failures. So, when you get to the point where you don't know which way to turn, start filling up your Heart. Then let it run over into the Heart of some one else.

Understanding

ONE of the wisest things ever said was this by Solomon: "Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get Wisdom: and with all thy getting get Understanding."

The smartest people are neither the greatest nor most useful. Many of the greatest characters in all history were men and women of comparatively limited education. And some of the most noted fools of history have been the most learned.

To have great wisdom is gratifying, but of no value if there is not back of it, great understanding—human understanding.

The people you love and honor are those who understand you, and understand Life and understand God.

It's the vital understanding back of a big problem that makes it possible to be fought for and even died for. Just the minute you understand, you begin to produce to grow.

If you understand the big things that make Life a livable affair, you are at once happy and content. Your path is marked and your vision is the vision of one who knows the way and is not afraid to go ahead and trust for his Destination.

Spirit

THE spirit in which you live and work is the great balancing force that keeps you from falling into the humdrum and out of the front racers who are making this world a happy and wonderful place in which to live.

It is all in the spirit—in the personal attitude that you take toward life and your work and your friends.

What is a college without a college spirit? What is a business office without a business spirit, that is coöperative, genial, enthusiastic? What is love without the love spirit? What is a home without the home spirit?

The right spirit will do anything that a human being is capable of doing. Real spirit is never defeated. Real spirit shoves aside mountains, takes grumblers and obstructions by the nape of the neck and easily throws them into the discard.

Spirit works over roads, rough hewn, with no discouragement at the helm and with no possibility of defeat anywhere.

Whether you will be happy in what you have accomplished at the close of this day or not depends upon the spirit with which you enter it and imbue it.

The Important Man

YOU are important if you put yourself in the way of important things to be done—and do them.

The years, since history began, have produced dreamers and air castle builders, whose imaginary achievements would have astounded the world had they actually put their mind pictures into reality. But all

along, such have breathed out their span and died ordinary and unknown.

The important man is he who puts his dreams and great imaginations into works.

The men who pave our streets and plow our soil, and run our machines, and write our books—and who do whatsoever useful things that come to hand—are important men. The task is not always indicative of the importance of the man. But the man is always indicative of the importance of the task.

Your future importance depends upon the importance you place in the things you now do.

Why and How

OUR little human lives are inspired on their several ways largely through agencies that, in themselves, are immensely wonderful and awe creating, yet by us mysteriously unknowable—as great truths too gigantic for us but to squint at—like even to the creation of every growing thing, whose source we cannot understand.

And yet there is not a single created thing—even the most minute—but that renders lessons, that the simplest of humans may not learn, fully understand, and take to heart.

The biggest secrets of the stars will always remain unknown; no one will ever become wise enough to fully explain the miraculousness of the giant tree from the little seed; or the wonders of the harvest; or the why and how of the storm. But inspiration fairly bursts from each.

Take It

It's the things that we don't know that drive us to know what we do know.

This day comes to you as a sealed book. Trouble yourself not as to the why and how of it. It's pregnant with power, opportunity, happiness, service—and there is a direct appeal in it, fashioned by a Master Hand—for you. Let not this day be disappointed in you—or you in this day.

The Unconquerable

THERE is something fine and fascinating about the one who is never licked within himself. And though disaster may be holding him within its arms, yet to him there is none of disaster, and to those who congregate within the area of his influence there is nothing but admiration.

As a matter of fact, nothing can bend to the breaking point a real man. He is as fresh if not fresher in defeat than he is in victory.

If you are unconquerable you are daily fighting innumerable battles that are virtually won in advance so that when a few defeats do come they are swept away by your accumulated unconquerableness.

There is very little difference in the human composition of people. It is the mental composition and character that mark one man above the other and it is these very things that make one man unconquerable and lack of them that make the other man always whipped before he has even so much as entered the contest.

There are few who are by choice your enemy. And should there be any one of this sort, how easily you can eliminate them when you realize that the whole universe

belongs to you and daily works for you because it is your friend.

If you are to conquer it, determine to make yourself from the top of your head to your toes absolutely unconquerable.

The Waiting Room

HOW many hours a day do you spend in the waiting room? For none of us ever travels in a straight path. We are constantly shifting gears, changing stations and taking journeys into countries strange.

Draw to your mind for an instant the picture of a railroad waiting room—people sitting with their luggage and holding their hands in their laps, idly glancing about the room. At this very minute this scene is being enacted in thousands of waiting rooms all over the world.

Think of the hours of possible improvement entirely lost. Think of the chances for plans pushed aside. Think of the dozen and one things that might be accomplished while in the waiting room.

Trite as it may sound, it is not so much the amount of time you use that counts as the amount of time you don't use at all.

As you go your way, grow your way. Thousands of books are manufactured that can be slipped almost into a vest pocket. A little note book doesn't take much room. Nestled next to a pencil you have the working utensils for the shaping of ideas and for the working out of plans and for the stirring up of things—while in the waiting room, whether the waiting room be at a railroad station, in a street car, on the train or no matter where.

March with Events

THERE is nothing more pitiful than to see a man trying to block events, sure to happen, or laughing at their onward march, sneering at their unimportance. The only people really worth while to the world are those who march with events—like obedient soldiers.

You can't block time. It will come and it will go and no man can stay, for a second, its onward march. Nor can anybody even remotely hope to keep to-day and to-day's usages longer than for to-day. So, therefore, march with events, catch the tune and keep your step.

The event will be interpreted if you walk its way, but there will be need for generosity, there will be a demand for breadth of viewpoint, and there must be respect for the opinions of the masses.

Get into the spirit of events. Learn to interpret them as you would interpret the thought of a great man. Know how to determine the important from the unimportant.

March with events.

But Once

HALF the efficiency of every man is lost through failure to realize that the energies he calls into play for each and every effort should be rendered full-heartedly. There is too much feeling of "O, well, this is good enough for this time."

You who habitually slight your work or at times feel its small importance, remember this—you will have an opportunity to do your best in any single effort—but once.

Of course, you will have an opportunity to do it over

again, but that will mean time and effort lost and enthusiasm shattered. There is only one way to do any piece of work and that is to do it in such a way that you are convinced that it will be your sole try at that job—that your chance at making everything in its connection count is given you—but once.

How many a regret floats on the atmosphere simply because you have missed so many times the but onces. But every time you brood over regrets you take a step backward. It may be true that a bird with a broken pinion never soars as high again, but there is nothing recorded to show that the music doesn't sound as sweet from his marvelous little throat.

Your Colors

THE whole spirit of Patriotism in a country is liberally bound to its Flag, with firm, invisible strings, connecting its life and hope with every thinking human within the borders of its land. So with you, in your colors lie your complete hopes of success.

"Moreover, as one big thinker once said—"Whatever hauls down the colors of the human soul is treason to the universe."

You are your colors. Just the moment you begin to lose faith, just the moment you become wobbly, dependent and unwilled, hand over hand you begin to play treason to yourself and to the world.

Every man flies colors of his own. Some may be battle-scarred, torn, bullet-ridden and materially unbeautiful—but wholly inspiring, thrilling to every eye fortunate enough to come within range of vision.

No one but a traitor throws the Flag of his country to

the dust to take up the Flag of another country, wholly despised even by the followers of the Flag he may through treachery adhere to. So, you fly your own colors, fight for them, and, if necessary, die for them, for your colors are your principles. And the sum of your principles is the total of your character.

Danger

DANGER, in itself, holds great training power. For it is in times of sore distress and open danger that the souls of men are put to the test. Few men are born cowards. Mostly they make themselves cowards. In the face of danger the hero looms.

Learn to face danger—calmly.

There are few great soldiers but that will admit the first impulse in going into battle is to immediately turn and run. But once they get into action, mere danger looks trivial and only the chance to prove courageous and of mettle counts with them. Personal safety, to such, soon becomes the minimum thing.

Learn to face danger—calmly.

We are daily beset with danger. Danger is one of the mystery gods. But to him who daily schools himself to EXPECT danger, at any hour, when danger does come, it is to such a one, but a new situation to meet and face and conquer—fortified as he is, against all thought of cowardice. So, daily—

Learn to face danger—calmly.

Human Nobility

HUMAN nobility is the grandest and sweetest affair in the world. And it is everywhere. Most of it you fail to see or never hear about. When Jacob A. Riis died a big part of the world stopped to drop some tears. He never held any great office. And yet one of the ex-Presidents of the United States stated that he was the best friend that he ever had. And thousands of "the other half" wept in great sorrow when they learned that he was gone. Men and women—now babies—will some day bless his name.

Human nobility—doesn't it stir your soul?

When the *Titanic* went down there were nearly a thousand on board. But there wasn't a single story of cowardice or complaining recorded. Courage, marvelous consideration, quickly asserted, as well as rare coolness, prevailed. Human nobility again showed the world that character must not be disturbed.

But it doesn't take catastrophe to reveal human nobility.

If you will some day, when in one of our great cities at late night, but note the lights flicker here and there all through the floors of the mighty skyscrapers, you may know that thousands of women are at that hour upon their knees scrubbing the floors that you so often walk during the day—women, MOTHERS, uncomplainingly doing the most menial service, that a great city and commerce may not pause. Could any one perform more nobly?

For is not nobility just SERVICE, after all—whether small or great?

Forever

THERE is no fact that comes to a man with quite the same awe-inspiring bearing as does the one that mutely says: "What you do, no matter in what capacity, has an effect to some degree on something or some one—Forever!"

Everything tends toward the Forever.

A thought does not die. Then why can a deed? Nothing is lost in Nature. Then why among the human throng? You think and act in minutes—but these things, added to time, go on and on and on. Immortality smiles or frowns at everything that is of you a part.

The Forever pays no attention to back calls.

No man can sincerely take himself and his world too seriously. Gameness, a sense of humor, ridicule, a sophisticated heart—these things can't whistle the attention of the Forever or even make it pause long enough to look around.

Forever, Forever, Forever—every minute you lock arms with it.

And you—humble, unknown worker—you are as much at this second a part of things Forever as the greatest of the earth. Just bear this in mind. It will help marvelously to lift you upward and onward.

Good-By

SOMETIMES it seems as though Life was nothing but a series of How-do-you-dos, Glad-to-meet-yous, and Good-bys. But, I think that Good-bys are the ones in which the human world seems most touched.

There are many kinds of Good-bys. But, perhaps the

main ones all come under these three: the Good-by to the one that you hope you will never see again; the Good-by to the one that you hope you will see again; and the Good-by to the one you know you will never see again, but whom you will always long to see again.

So that in Good-bys there are tears as well as smiles, hope as well as temporary despair.

But, in reality, to the great soul, there can be no real sorrowful Good-by. We human beings are so saturated with mere sentiment and precedent that we little appreciate seriously the aftermath of the meaning-full Good-by.

For myself, I can never be brought to believe that this life ends all. To me it appears as but a grand beginning —into which is born the light of Love and from which must evolve most naturally some kind of a magnificent Eternity. So, for me, there can be no Good-by forever— no matter to whom or under what circumstance the Good-by is said.

That's why I want you to feel and know my kind of a Good-by—one that may even smile—in tears.

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